Tom Tits and Other Bits

Amelia M. Starkweather

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FICKLE AS A ROVER!

TOMTITS AND OTHER BITS

BY

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PRESS OF ROCKWELL AND CHURCHILL,
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TOMTITS AND OTHER BITS.

TRUSTING FOR TO-MORROW,
HAPPY ANYWHERE.

TOMTITS.

Blue-and-yellow tomtits,
Flitting all around,
Picking up the waste bits
Left upon the ground.

Fickle as a rover,
Busy all the day
As the bees in clover,
Only full of play.

Not a grain of sorrow,
Not a bit of care,
Trusting for to-morrow,
Happy any where.

Full to overflowing
Of their merry lays,
'Tis their way of showing
Gratitude and praise.

All the crumbs and waste bits
Strew upon the ground,
For the pretty tomtits
Flitting all around.

PICKING UP THE WASTE BITS
LEFT UPON THE GROUND.

"DON'T YOU THINK I'M BIG ENOUGH
TO BE A MISSIONARY?"

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

If I were only big enough,
And mamma would go, too,
I'd like to visit India-land,
And tell the bad Hindoo

That it is very, very wrong,
To treat the babies so,
And throw them to the crocodile;
Then they would stop, I know.

But if they didn't, I'd run so quick,
O, wouldn't it be such fun!
And catch them all, and bring them home,
Yes, every single one.

Then next I'd go to China-land,
And I would make them take
Those bindings off the children's feet,
And stop that pain and ache.

And I would burn those dreadful things
To which they kneel and pray,
And tell them that the road to heaven
Is by another way.

Then I would go to that dark land,
Where they make people slaves;
I'd break the chains right off their feet,
And tell them, Jesus saves.

And that he loves them all, and died
For them as well as me;
But they must be, O, very good,
If Jesus they would see.

It almost makes me cry sometimes,
To think these things are so,
And see big people stay at home;
Why don't they want to go?

When I ask mamma, she just says,
"O, you're the oddest fairy;"
But don't you think I'm big enough
To be a missionary?

"I GUESS I'LL SAY MY PRAYERS."

If I should say to you, my readers, that I am going to tell you a story about a little girl, the first questions you would ask me would be, "What is her name?" and "Where does she live?" So I will tell you at once. Her name is neither Effa, Etta, Ida nor Ella, but plain, honest Julia, and she lives in the city; not a large city, but a pleasant one.

She is a very bright child, and good, too, though sometimes this little Julia is a very naughty girl, as I will tell you.

She was so naughty, one day, her mother told her she must go into the next room and stay till she was a good girl. She went out crying very hard, but in a little while said she would be good, so her mother told her to come in, but she didn't look just right. There was no smile on her face, and very soon she had to be sent out again; and again she came in with a promise to be good, but her mother had to send her out the third time.

Now, Julia got very angry, and made a great noise for a few minutes. Pretty soon the noise ceased, and her mother went close to the door and listened. She heard her saying the little prayer she had been taught. "Dear

Jesus, bless papa, and mamma, and Julia, and sister, and make me a good little girl for Christ's sake, Amen."

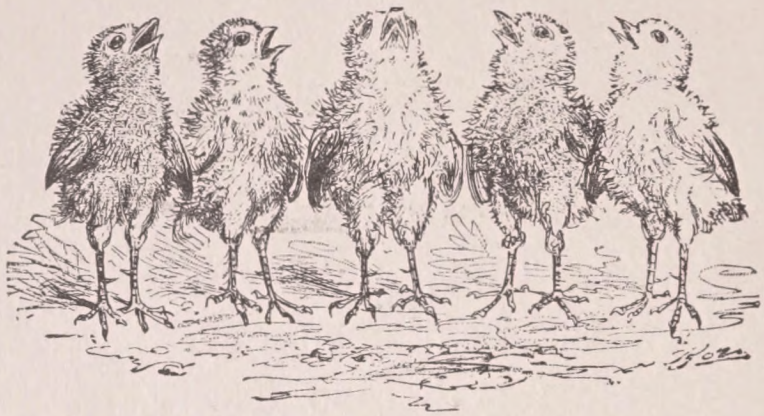
Her mother opened the door very softly, and there she was on her knees; she got up with a very sweet smile, and said, "I'm a good girl now, mamma. I was so naughty, and felt so dreadful bad. I said to myself, 'I guess I'll say my prayers, and maybe Jesus will help me to be good.'" And sure enough, she was just the best girl you ever saw. This is a true story, every word of it. When you are tempted to be naughty, little children, try the same medicine that Julia did, and see if it does not help you.

BENNY'S TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Little Benny, one day,
Saw the gentlemen gay,
Sipping wine together so cheery,
And he thought it would be
Very funny, to see
The chickens get drunk and be merry.

So he poured out a glass
Of the red wine, alas!
And hastened to find his pet chickens.
And he laughed as he thought
How they'd reel all about,
And caper, and act like "the dickens."

A fine brood he soon found,
Busy picking around,
Whose mother was out in the garden.
Now, said Benny, "Drink, do!"
But the chickens said, "No,
Peep! peep! no we can't, beg your pardon."

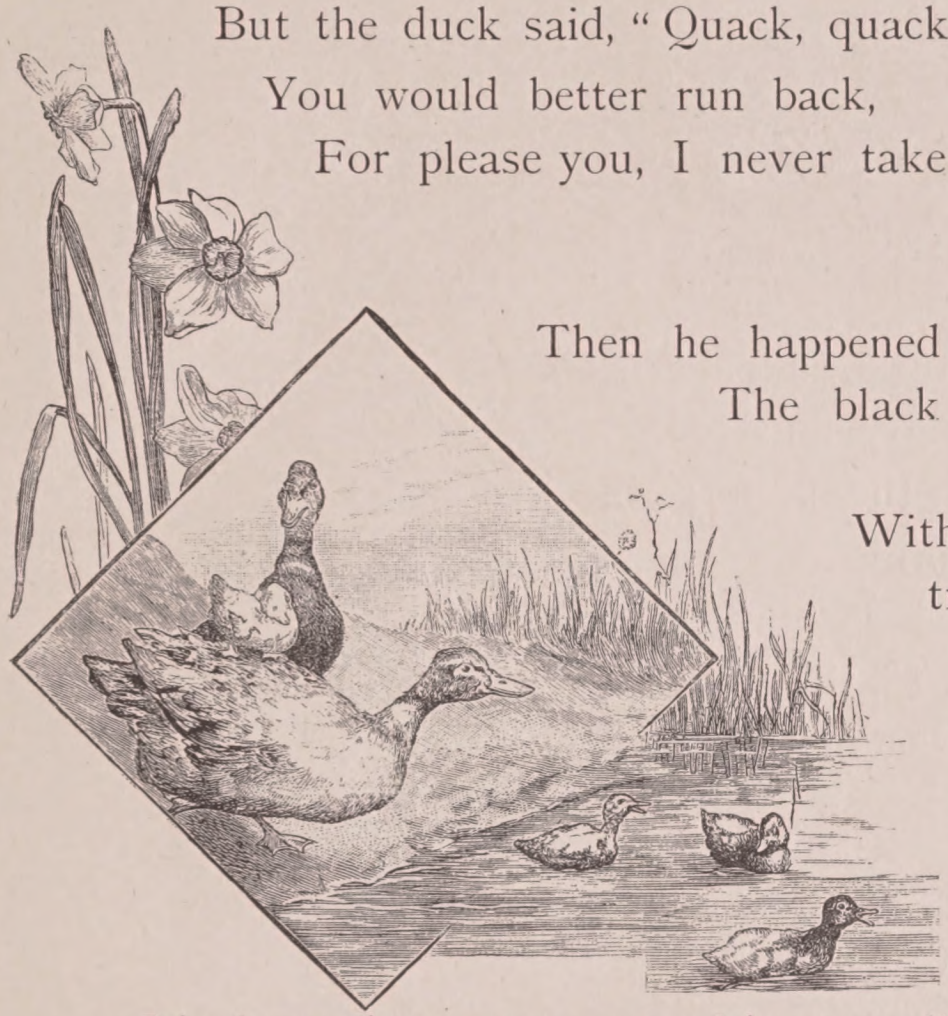


But the hen saw it all,
And she gave a great squall,
And fairly flew in from her scratching.
"Cut, cut, cut!" said the hen,
"Don't you do that again,
No wine have they had since their hatching.

"You're a very bad boy,
To come here, and annoy
My darlings, cut, cut, cut-ca-da-ket!"
And she swelled up so stout,
And so blustered about,
He ran just to get from her racket.

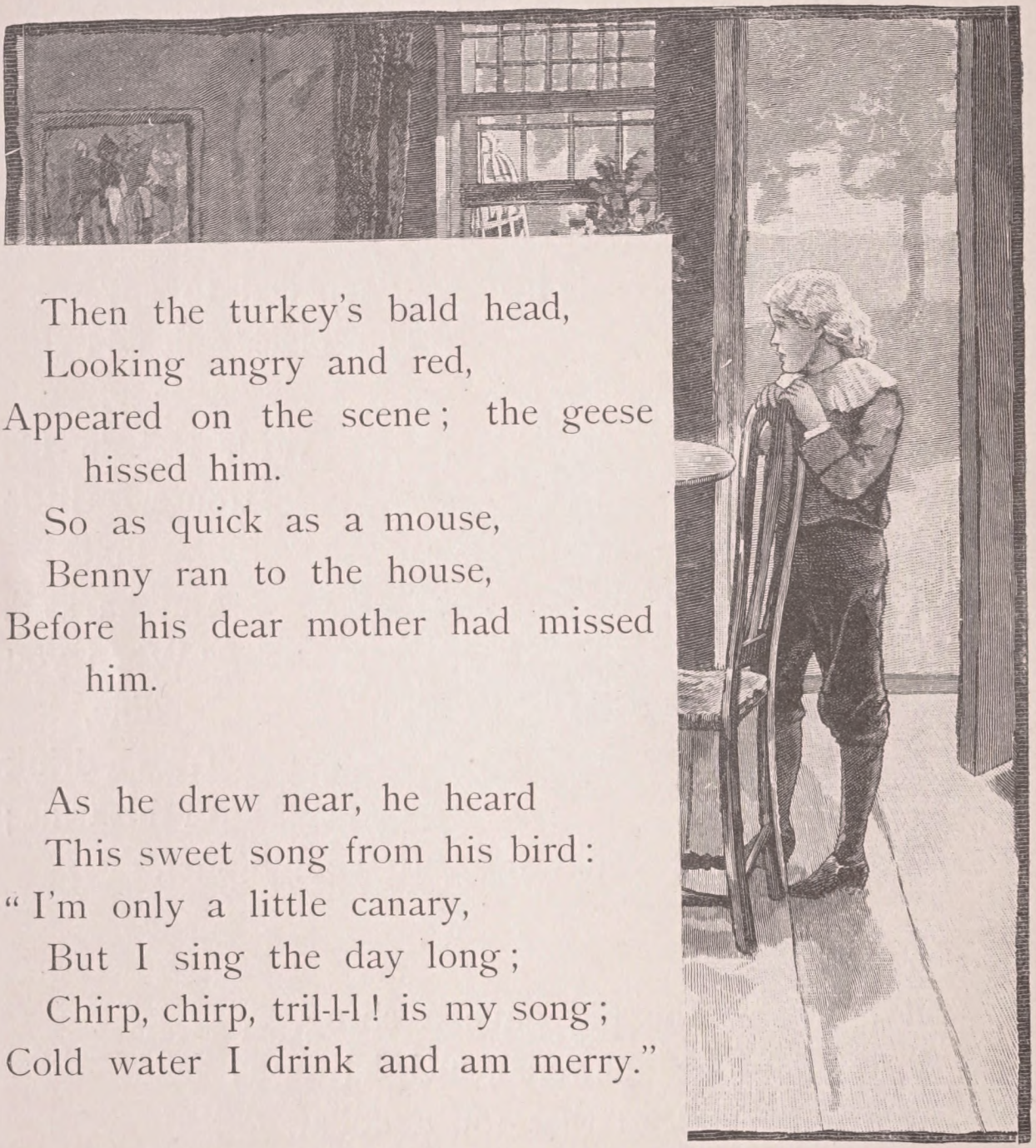
"I've had very bad luck;
I will try Mrs. Duck;
I'm sure she will drink," muttered Benny.

But the duck said, "Quack, quack!
You would better run back,
For please you, I never take any."



Then he happened to spy
The black pig in his sty,
With feet in his trough — little sinner!
And he said, "When you dine,
Take a drink of this wine;
It's just what you want with your dinner."

But the pig gave a shrug,
As he answered, "Ugh! ugh!
I wouldn't taste that for a dollar.
Do you take yourself off,
And away from my trough,
And do it at once, or I'll 'holler.'"



Then the turkey's bald head,
Looking angry and red,
Appeared on the scene; the geese hissed him.
So as quick as a mouse,
Benny ran to the house,
Before his dear mother had missed him.

As he drew near, he heard
This sweet song from his bird:
"I'm only a little canary,
But I sing the day long;
Chirp, chirp, tril-l-l! is my song;
Cold water I drink and am merry."

"AS HE DREW NEAR, HE HEARD THIS SWEET SONG FROM HIS BIRD."

"Little Benny, my dear,"
Sang the bird soft and clear,
"The wine though it sparkles so ruddy,

Will just send the red rose,
From your cheeks to your nose,
And make your brain addled and muddy."

Benny hung down his head
For a moment, then said,
"Cold water shall be my drink ever,
And a promise I'll make,
That the pledge I will take,
And never will break it, no, *never*."

THE PIG'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET'S CHAMPION.

Dear little Miss Muffet,
Sit down on your tuffet,
And quietly eat your curds and whey.
And don't be afraid,
My sweet pretty maid,
If a great black spider should come in your way.

For I will stand by you;
And should he come nigh you,
Just watch, and you'll see a rare bit of fun.
I'll scare him so bad,
He'll be awful glad,
To get up, and scamper off on the keen run.

Go off, you black spider,
Away from beside her.
Miss Muffet, there's one
a-coming this way.
O, what shall I do!
O, dear me! shoo! shoo!
O, I must be going! Miss
Muffet, good day.

DANDELION DAY.

It was just twenty minutes of nine o'clock on a lovely May morning, when Miss Ackley stood in the door of her school-room, looking out and down, apparently lost in thought.

She had come early, as was her custom, and prepared the work for the day; and now as she came to the door to enjoy the pure air, she spied three little dandelions peeping out from under the fence.

A few blades of grass had sprung up near by, as though

trying to encourage them to shine on; for the patter of the many feet had worn away the beautiful green, and left only the bare brown earth.

One of them more in the shade was drooping, and one more in the sun had already put on its white gauze dress.

As she was admiring them, her ear caught the voices of the merry group of girls on their way to school; and she thought, "how like to these dandelions are the fresh young lives of the children. How many will grow up bright and pure, and good, whether the sun of prosperity shines or not? Will some, in the shade of misfortune, yield to temptation, and lose their beauty —" ere she had finished her reverie, the girls came flocking about, and Daisy who was generally the speaker, exclaimed,

"O, Miss Ackley! may we have a 'prettier' day in our room?"

"O, do let us!" cried Eva, and Annie, and May, and Lottie, in fact a whole chorus of voices; "please do, Miss Ackley."

"A what?" said the teacher; and she looked quite puzzled as to what they could possibly mean.

"Why a 'prettier' day!" said Daisy; "they've been having lots of big days in the High School, all about great men, and what they said and wrote; they hang up his picture and tell all they know about him, and — and —

lots of things; and now they're going have a 'prettier' day, and can't we have one too?"

Here Daisy stopped because she had run out of words, as well as breath, which was quite a rare thing for her.

"I see," said Miss Ackley, as the truth began to dawn upon her, "you mean my children 'Whittier Day.'"

The girls laughed heartily at their mistake, for they felt in good humor.

"I think," said Freda, "that was as bad as Emma's mistake that she made the other day in the geography class, when she said, 'an earthquake is when the earth gets filled up with thunder and busts.'"

Emma looked a little sober at this allusion to her mistake, but Sadie, ever ready to help out of trouble, said,

"Never mind, Emma, 't isn't half so bad as a mistake I made, when I said, 'a volcano is a mountain that sends out fire, smoke and salvation."

"Now Sadie, that's wicked," said Kitty.

"I don't think it is, Kitty," replied Sadie, "because you know I didn't mean to say it; and when they all laughed, I felt so ashamed I'd been glad if the teacher had sent me into the cloak-room where nobody could see me."

"Children," said Miss Ackley, "how would you like to have a 'dandelion day?'" and she glanced down at

the three little humble flowers, which looked as if they were trying to be cheerful in spite of adverse circumstances.

"How can we," said they; "whoever heard of such a thing? And can't we have a 'Whittier Day' too?"

For they could not lose sight of the thought, that to have something like the High School would be very nice.

"I think I can manage it," said Miss Ackley, "so that you will all have a pleasant time."

The days of preparation flew swiftly by, and the morning came for Dandelion Day, in which this slighted, if not despised wild flower, was for once to be brought into prominence, and its praises sung.

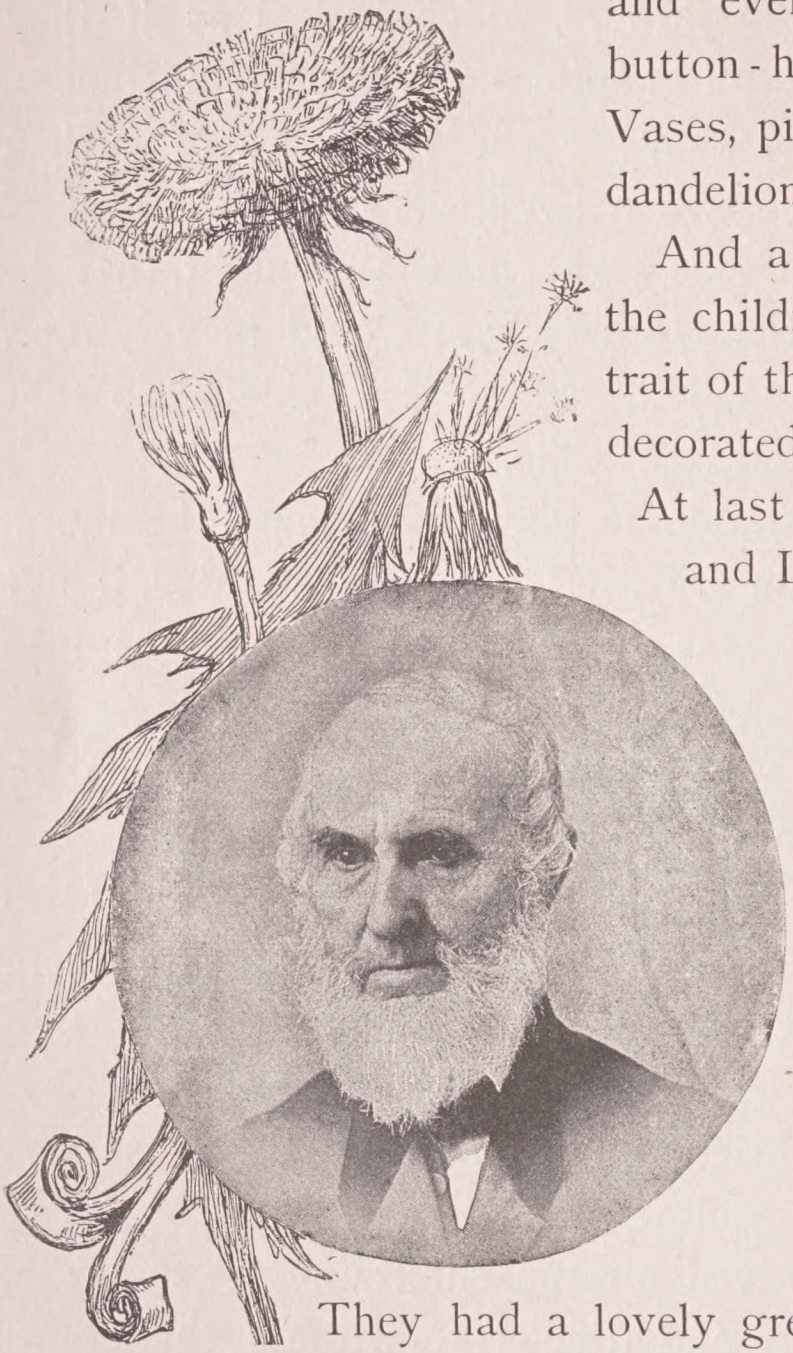
But alas! the sun refused to shine; the day was dark and rainy, and not a dandelion was to be seen.

The children were sad and disappointed; while Miss Ackley made the most of the opportunity, to teach them a useful lesson, that of patience, which all must learn sooner or later.

The next day was bright and sunny, and the grass was dotted all over with yellow stars.

When the hour arrived for the entertainment to begin, it brought the parents and friends to witness the scene. And such a scene! It was truly charming.

All the children were trimmed with dandelions — wreaths, sashes, and bouquets on head, waist, dresses and coats;



and even dandelions in the button-holes of their shoes. Vases, pitchers, and plates of dandelions in great profusion.

And a pleasant surprise to the children was a large portrait of the dear poet Whittier, decorated with dandelions.

At last the exercises began, and Leo recited that sweet poem of Whittier, entitled "In School Days," after which Eva read this

Story of Three Dandelions.

Once there were three dandelions that lived in a little nook all together. They had a lovely green carpet all about them, and each of them was so bright and beautiful, you could not tell which was the handsomest, or which had on the yellowest dress.

Every night the dew came and filled their little cups with water; and the morning brought the sun to smile upon them, and they looked very much as if they might be little suns themselves.

But by and by one of the dandelions began to grow discontented, and said, "Dear me! what is the use of trying to be any body. I'm nothing but a dandelion, and I never can be anything else, if I try ever so hard."

"If I were only a tulip, or some other beautiful flower, people would cultivate my acquaintance. But here I am, nothing but a wild flower down in the grass. Why, I'm in great danger of being stepped on. Next you hear of me, I shall be crushed to death. There's no use, I'm not going to try to be any body."

So the discontented dandelion hung its head, and when the dew came, its cups were upside down, and it could not catch any.

And when the morning dawned, the good old sun sent his beams down to cheer it; but its head was bent, and could not see. And because it had no sun and dew, it died.

The second little dandelion was not discontented, but was so proud of its yellow dress, that it began to swell up with pride, and finally it became so puffed up with vanity that it blew away.

Now there was only one left, and this one said, "I am

going to be just as good as I can be, and perhaps some one will love me, if I *am* only a dandelion. If the Good Father had wanted me to be a tulip, he could have made me one. But I'm not; so I'm going to be happy anyway." And it looked up so bright and sunny, that an artist who was passing, exclaimed: "O, how beautiful! I wonder I had not thought of it before. That is just what I want to finish my bouquet of wild flowers that I am painting. I will put this in the most prominent place as queen." So the good little dandelion was painted upon canvas in all its glory, and will live forever, just because it was good.

Then Rollo spoke a piece, and we will give it just as he recited it:

MR. DANDY LION.

O, Mr. Dandy Lion,
How very bright you are.
Down in the green you lie on,
You're brilliant as a star.

All gayly dressed in yellow
Reclining on the grass,
And nodding to a fellow,
Or smiling to a lass.

You are a "dandy" flower
If ever one was seen
In nature's leafy bower
Of yellow, gold and green.

But let me tell you, fairy,
It will not do for you
To be so very airy;
You're fleeting as the dew.

For soon, sweet Dandy Lion,
Although you are so proud,
A plainer dress you'll try on,
Then vanish like a cloud.

Of course there were many other pieces spoken, but what amused them most of all, for they scarcely ever rehearsed it without stopping for a good laugh, was the

SONG ABOUT MR. DANDY LION.

Dandy Lion came to town,
All dressed in green and yellow.
With yellow-feather in his cap
He was a "dandy fellow."

CHORUS:

Dandy Lion cut a dash,
He was so bright and handy,
The gayest fellow in the town
Was Dandy Lion, dandy.

Everybody courted him
He had such lots of money,
The girls all fell in love with him,
O, dear! it was so funny.

CHORUS:

But oh! a change came over him,
He grew so thin and ghastly,
And one fine day he *blew* away,
And now we've come to lastly.

CHORUS:

They sang it to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

Miss Ackley told them a few facts about the flower. She said it is a wild flower, but in some parts of Europe it is cultivated. That it is very sensitive to cold, and closes up in the cold or rain, and also at night.

It is supposed to grow largest in Central New York;

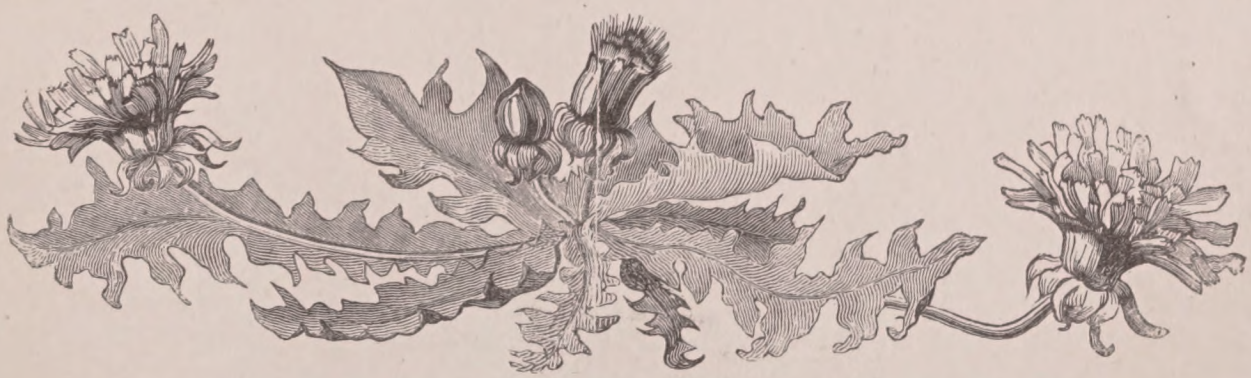
and explained that each little petal is really a separate flower.

She explained that it is used as a medicine, and is then called *taraxacum*; and how, as an article of food, it is much sought after in the Spring for "greens." She hoped the children would not forget that she was fond of "greens."

Last of all, the dandelion is a musical instrument, which she chose to call a bag-pipe; and she would give her consent for them all to try their skill in performing upon it on their way home.

So they were dismissed, as jolly a company as ever went out of a school-room; and the noise of their queer bag-pipes, together with their merry laughter, dotted many a window with eyes and heads, to witness the strange procession.

And they did have a "*prettier*" day than even the High School.



A LITTLE BUILDER.

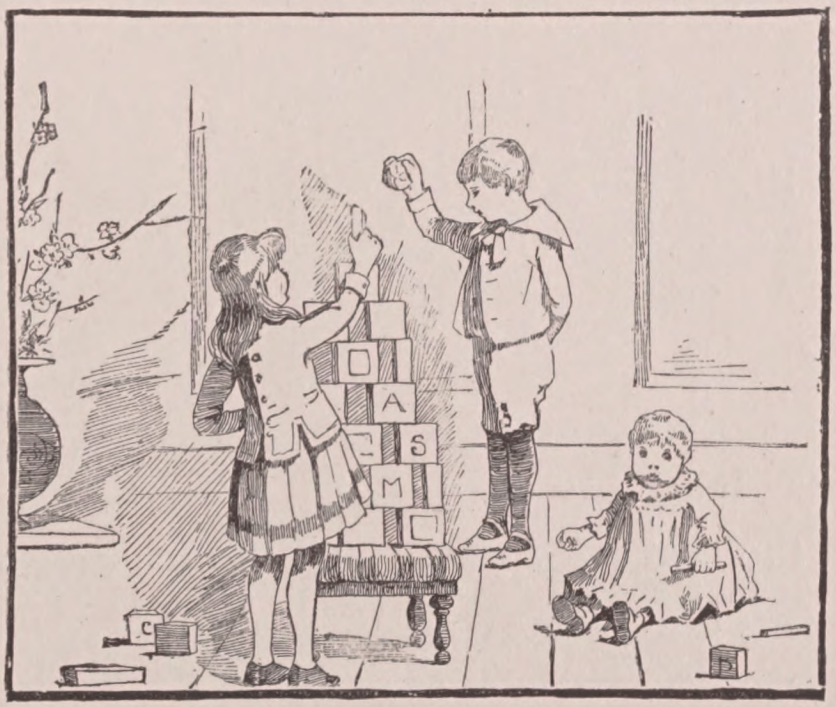
I'm a little builder,
And I mean to try
Hard, to build a mansion
'Way up in the sky.

Not like that big tower
Mr. Babel made,
'Cause he was so wicked,
And so awful 'fraid.

But when I feel naughty,
I am going to say
Little prayers that mamma
Taught me how to pray.

And when baby's fretful,
I shall let him see
What a patient sister
Susie's learned to be.

That's the way I'll build it,
Mamma told me how;
Guess I'll stop my talking,
And begin it now.



WE LITTLE FOLKS.

Perhaps you think we're little folks,
And can't do much at all.
But you just let us wear the cloaks
That fit, if they *are* small.

And we will show you how to spell
And read, and march, and sing.
And if we do not do it well,
We won't charge anything.

But I don't think we're very small,
Just see! I'm 'way up here.
I wouldn't want to be so tall
As some, I'd feel so queer.

The other day a fellow said,
"Hello, my little dot."
I thought, if I am small, your head
Will match me to a jot.

"I'D LIKE TO KNOW, WITHOUT THE BOYS,
WHERE YOU WOULD GET YOUR MEN."

But I've been taught I must not do
Things that are impolite.
And so I thought it all you know,
But did not speak outright.

I only said, "One thing I know,
A boy that's six years old,
Is much too big to be snubbed so,
Or turned out in the cold."

Now don't you think it's rather mean,
That we can't say a word,
But we are told, *we* must be *seen*,
And never, never *heard?*

We're put down for our size, and noise,
And everything; but then,
I'd like to know, without the boys,
Where you would get your *men.*

Now when you've heard us, if you say
We're not much consequence,
We'll make our bow, and clear the way,
And give the rest a chance.

And as we want to do what's fair,
We'll put it down in black.
If you're not paid, just step right there,
And get your money back.

THE NEXT SPEAKER.

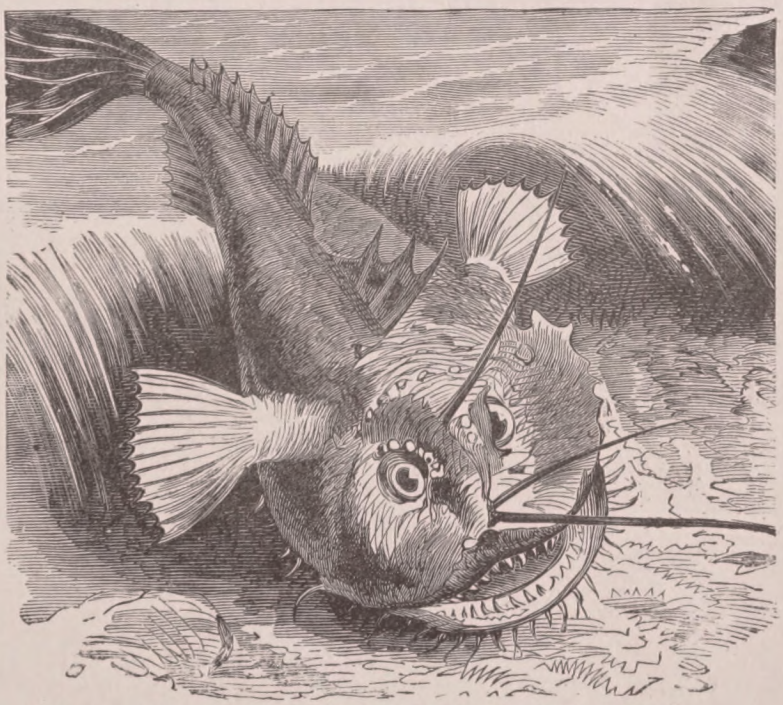
"BE HAPPY HERE WITHIN THIS NOOK,
IT IS SO SNUG AND COSEY."

THE NAUGHTY TROUT.

"Dear mother," said a little trout,
"I have the greatest notion
To take a stroll, and just run out
To see the great big ocean."

"Oh, no! what can you mean, my child?
You surely must not do it.
The waters there are very wild,
You certainly will rue it.

"And there are lots
of ugly things,
And dreadful whales
live in it,
And awful fish with
horns and wings —
They'd eat you in a
minute.



"AND AWFUL FISH WITH HORNS AND WINGS."

"Be happy, here, within this nook,
It is so snug and cosey."
Said naughty trout, "I think this brook
Is very dull and prosy."

"Now, Speckle, be a dear good trout,
And do as mother wishes;
And run, and swim, and play about
With other little fishes."

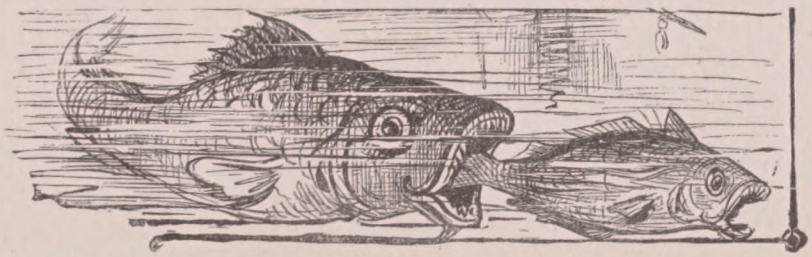
But naughty Speckle swam away,
His mother's counsel flouted;
He hung his fins and would not play,
But went alone and pouted.

"I'm not afraid of what she says,"
He snarled, with temper soured,
"I *will* go out a little ways—
I wasn't born a coward.

"O, what an awful roar out here!
Whew! feel's if I should smother;
What makes the water taste so queer?
Guess I'll run back to mother.

"Oh! oh! how scared I am! A whale—
(Dear me! I'm all a-quiver)
He chased me and bit off my tail,
Just as I reached the river.

"O, mother! mother! where is she?
If I can only find her,
I'll be as good as I can be;
And always try to mind her."



"HE CHASED ME AND BIT OFF MY TAIL."

CLAIR'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Clair was a golden haired little boy, fair as a lily, with large, lustrous blue eyes; and, when a baby, he would look up and around as much as to say, "I know a great many things I don't choose to tell."

But now he was more than a baby, for to-morrow he would be six years old, and he was to have a birthday party, though he did not know it, for his mother had arranged it to surprise him.

So, in the afternoon she said he might have on his best suit, as it was his birthday.

Now, although Clair was generally a good boy, he was not *always* good, and if there was one thing he disliked more than another, it was cold water; and when he saw the preparations for washing he began to fret, and said, "I don't want to be washed." "Cold water makes little boys healthy," said his mother.

"But cold water makes me cold, and I am not very 'tough,' you know."

At this sister Mabel laughed at him so much, that he got angry and said, "I don't like you, Mabel."

HATTIE HOOVER AT THE PARTY.

So his mother told him he must sit in the chair until he was a good boy, and could love his sister; but when she was out of the room a moment, he said, "I don't think that's any way to manage a boy, do you, Mabel?"

"I guess mamma knows best," said Mabel. "You know she sent me into a room alone the other day, because I got cross at you, when you wanted me to play and I wanted to read."

"O, yes! and I 'member Gertrude called you a 'book-worm.'"

Now it was Clair's turn to laugh, and he forgot all about his ill-humor, for he was a good deal like an April day. If the clouds came, they soon cleared up, and the sun came out brighter than ever.

He was soon dressed in a little suit almost the color of his eyes, and Gertrude said, "I guess we'll have to call you 'the Blue Bell of Scotland.'"

"I think," said Mabel, "he looks like 'Little Boy Blue.'"

"Then, if I am," said 'Clair, "I'll blow my horn."

"O, it isn't a horn," said Mabel, "it's nothing but a bugle."

"Well, it's a horn anyway, if it *is* a bugle," said Clair, and he blew a long blast on it.

Just then a load of children stopped in front of the house; for they lived in the country.

IT WAS INDEED A SURPRISE TO CLAIR.

There were Gracie, Maud, May, Bessie, Freddie, and Georgie, and, as the driver handed them out one by one, Mabel stood counting them and calling their names.

There were ten in all, and as the last one was helped out Mabel exclaimed: "O, mamma! why did you ask Hattie Hoover to come? She's very poor, her mother takes in washing, and she has nothing fit to wear. See, how she looks!"

Her mother went to welcome them in.

It was indeed a surprise to Clair, though Mabel was in the secret.

As they knew them all there was no awkward time of getting acquainted, and they were soon out on the lawn and under the trees, swinging in the hammock, and playing all sorts of games.

But the sly looks that Mabel and Gracie cast on Hattie Hoover made her feel very uncomfortable; and though she tried not to notice it, she had to turn away to hide the tears that would come to her eyes.

She knew she was not dressed like the other girls, and although it made her feel bad, she felt a great deal worse to think how hard her mother had to work to get the little she had.

Nevertheless, they took Hattie into their plays, and altogether they were a very merry company.

"Clair, what are you doing out in the street?" said Mabel.

She had been playing so busily that she did not miss her brother till now.

"Jus' making mud pies, that's all," said he.

"O, Clair! you mustn't—in your best clothes, and on your birthday, too! Look! there's a team coming."

"Well, then, I'll jus' make these cakes, and blow once for every one, you count 'em. There's one."

"Do come quick!" said Mabel.

"There's two!"

"That team hasn't any driver," said Mabel; "oh, it's running away! what shall I do!"

"There's three!" and Clair blew another blast, but did not see the horses, which were coming nearer and nearer to him.

Mabel ran to the house to call her mother. Some of the party, not noticing what had happened, were still engaged in plays.

Those who did see were so frightened they did not know what to do. On came the team nearer and nearer, and it was very evident that in a moment he would be run over.

When suddenly one of the girls dashed out into the street and caught up Clair, but did not have time to turn back — the horses were upon them, and they were knocked down.

All was confusion; the children screamed, the mother rushed out.

Were they killed? For a moment a cloud of dust hid the children, but the team had passed on.

In the excitement, nobody could tell who had gone after Clair, but they found Hattie Hoover lying in the dust, with her ankle badly bruised. The wagon wheel had gone over it.

But where was Clair? Hattie said she threw him

when she saw that she could not get out of the way.

"Here I am," said Clair, and there he lay in the bottom of the ditch, where he had rolled, and wasn't hurt a bit.

They dragged him out, and, as the ditch was dry, a good brushing, and a little soap and water changed him to his former self.

Hattie was carried in and tenderly cared for; but the doctor said she must lie there for several weeks, as a bone was broken.

Mrs. Benton announced that supper was now ready, and the children gathered around the little table on the lawn, quite subdued. Though they felt very sorry for Hattie, they were glad it was no worse.

They all declared that little Hattie was the bravest of the company, and some one said she deserved a pension.

"Then, I hope," said Mrs. Benton, "that you will do what you can to help her to a pension."

And the good things that were sent to Hattie for the next few weeks proved their willingness to do their part.

That night as Mabel was about to retire, her mother said, "Are you sorry now that Hattie was invited to the party?"

"O, mother how ashamed I am!" said Mabel, "I'll never say such a thing again, and I'll take care of her all the time; and when she gets well can't I give her

that dress, trimmed with red, that I always thought so pretty?"

"Yes, my child, and we will clothe her up nicely before we send her home."

When Clair said his prayers that night he did not forget Hattie, and when he tumbled into bed tired as any little boy could be, he said, "Haven't we had a good time, mamma?"

"I guess so," said his mother.

"And aren't we real glad the birthday party is let out?"

And in two minutes more he was floating out into dreamland.

FLOATING OUT INTO DREAMLAND.

CLOSE THOSE EYES SO FULL OF SUNSHINE,
NEVER RUN AND PLAY AGAIN?

BE GLAD AND THANKFUL.

Little children, are you tempted,
Sometimes, to be cross and fret,
Just because you cannot always
Have your selfish wishes met?

Did you ever for a moment,
Think how very rich you are,
In that little hand so clever,
Full of grace and beauty rare?

Close those eyes so full of sunshine;
Let them never see the light;
Grope your way here ever after;
Let your life be one long night.

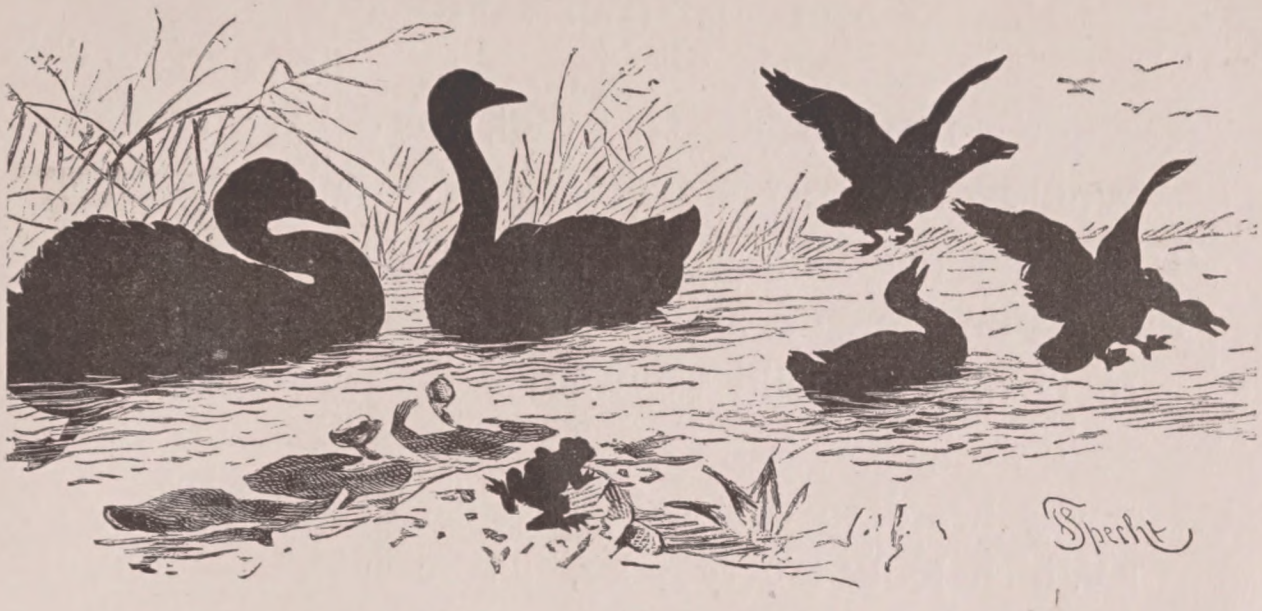
Or let sickness touch your body;
Lay you on a bed of pain;
Bid those little feet so active,
Never run and play again.

Now, dear children, tell me truly,
For your hands, or eyes, or health,
Shall I give you gold and silver,
Till you are increased in wealth?

Shall it be ten million dollars,
In your coffers I will pay,
And from out this three-fold blessing,
You will give one strand away?

O, no, no! not for one moment,
Would you hesitate to choose;
You would quickly spurn my offer,
Rather than these blessings lose.

Learn then to be glad and thankful,
And with all things be content;
For behind each little trial
Is a needful lesson sent.



THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

With a Moral for Grown-Up Children.

From the story I'm going now to relate,
I want you a lesson to gain.
It's about Mrs. Goose who lost her dear mate,
How she reared her young ones and what was the fate
Of one that was foolish and vain.

Now she talked to her downy brood every day;
And taught them to get their own food.
And told them how they must behave when away,
When at home how to make nice nests in the hay,
And many more things that were good.

Though a family trained so well, you'd have thought
Would grow to good geese, every one,
There was one who would rarely do as he ought,
But assumed many airs he never was taught;
In fact, was a wild wayward son.

He was heard to complain because of his home,
"Which looked very poor," as he said.
Tho' his mother had beg him never to roam,
"He would go should the opportunity come."
And willfully tossed up his head.

HE WENT OFF TO THE POND AND LOOKED IN THE GLASS.

He went off to the pond and looked in the glass,
And smoothed down his feathers so fine;
And declared 'twas a shame if he had to pass
His days here, and have only water and grass,
When he might on richer food dine.

"Those intelligent geese, I one morning met,
I think must be cousins of mine.
Their good will in some way I'll manage to get;
They're so lively and gay, I'm sure in their set
I'm better adapted to shine."

He went strutting about, as much as to say,
"I'll choose for myself what is best."
As a flock of wild geese sailed over one day,
He flew after and caught them not far away,
As they were alighting for rest.

Then he tried to make friends, but soon saw his chance
Was small, and of no sort of use.
Though he knew he looked fine, they eyed him askance,
Then all looked around with a quick, knowing glance,
And, laughing, exclaimed, "What a goose!"

"It is plain to be seen," spoke one of the flock,
"This goose, though well dressed, is so tame
He can't mate with wild geese, so all take a lock
And we'll feather our nests;" and there on a rock,
They brought him to sorrow and shame.

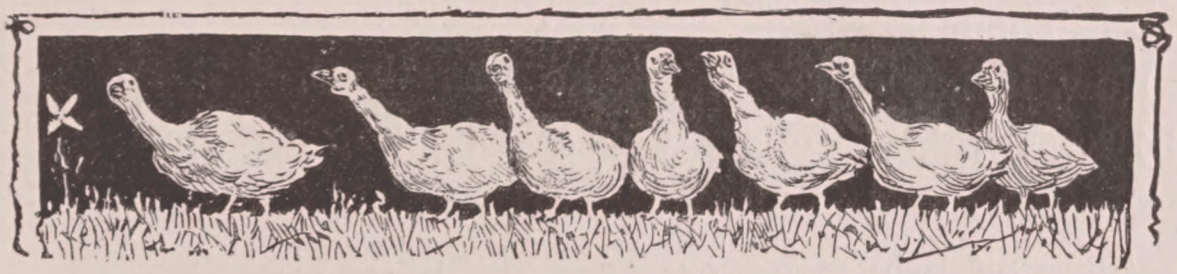
Then they rose in the air and flew out of sight,
And left him the whirlwind to reap.
While he saw with dismay his pitiful plight,
As he felt the whole truth of an adage, that night,
"That beauty is but feather deep."

Now what could he do but go back to his nest,
Yet how, without wings, could he fly?
And ashamed to, because he'd said he knew best,
He was sorely perplexed; but this was the test,
Alone there, he'd certainly die.

So he got on his feet, and hobbled along,
Bewailing his terrible fate,
As he wished in his heart, he'd never done wrong,
And he shook like a leaf, from dread of the throng
Of fowls he would meet at the gate.

But at last he arrived home faint and foot-sore,
His courage and strength greatly tried.
The barn fowls, as he feared, were out by the score,
And amid scoffs and jeers, he reached his own door,
Then sank on the door-step and died.

Then old Mrs. Goose with a very grave face,
Said, "Hear the advice of your mother,
If you don't want to die, or get in disgrace,
Never wander my dears, on a wild-goose chase
As did your unfortunate brother."



GERTIE AT SUNDAY SCHOOL.

GERTIE'S FAITH.

Gertie was a little girl, not yet four years old. One day, as she was playing about the house, she went into the kitchen.

Now it happened while she was there, that Katie, the girl, was taken suddenly very ill. She dropped into a chair, and exclaimed, "O, Gertie! run quick and call your mother, or bring the camphor bottle."

She ran into another part of the house, where her mother was busily engaged in conversation with a lady, and pulling her sleeve, said, "Mamma! Mamma!" several times.

Her mother paused long enough to say, "Don't interrupt me, my child," and turned again to the lady.

Gertie, finding she could not get her mother's attention, ran into the pantry, to see if she could not get the camphor herself. But, although she got up in a chair and stood on tiptoe, she could not reach it.

Now Gertie had done all she was able to do, and yet she knew somebody must do something, or Katie might die.

And what do you suppose she did? With the help of a chair, she climbed upon the dining table, and knelt down, and said, "Dear Jesus, Katie's awful sick, and I can't make mamma hear, and the camphor bottle's too high; and won't you please make Katie well?"

She then went into the kitchen, and said, "You'll feel better now. I asked Jesus to make you well."

Katie, who had heard her through the door, which was ajar, told it afterwards, and said, "I *did* get well right away."

When asked why she climbed upon the table, Gertie replied, "I thought I would get just as near Jesus as I could, and then maybe He would come the rest of the way."

Children, that is the way to do in any time of trouble. Get as near to Jesus as you can, and he will come the rest of the way.

GOO, GOO.

Good morning, baby dear!
How d' you do?
Good morning! do you hear?
"Goo, goo, goo!"

O ho! so you can talk,
Baby sweet.
Suppose you try to walk
On your feet.

See here! your nose is cold,
Did you know?
Ah! ah! you mustn't scold;
No, no, no!

Now tell me what's your name?
Say, Halloo!
Dear me, it's all the same,—
"Goo, goo, goo!"

I'd not for wealth untold
Part with you;
You're worth your weight in gold,
Little Goo.

PATTY PANSY.

Pretty Patty Pansy,
With your smiling face
Full of heaven's beauty,
Sunshine, love and grace.

How I often wonder
As you nod and wink,
If you're not part human,
Just the "missing link."

I believe, sweet Pansy,
You could talk to me,
If you had a mind to.
Won't you try and see?

Royal little flower,
  Finest ever seen,
In your purple velvet
  Fit to grace a queen.

Yet, in all your splendor,
  There you sit and smile;
Living first for others,
  Happy all the while.

Noble little Pansy,
  I will learn of you,
From your modest sweetness,
  To be happy too.

PLEASE ACCEPT OUR OFFERING.

FLOWER GIRLS.

C. L. S. C. COMMENCEMENT, '84.

We are little flower girls, very happy, too,
To be useful here to-day.
We have culled the choicest flowers sparkling with the dew,
Strewing them along the way.
May your lives be pure and sweet
As the lilies at your feet.

May our Father's blessing rest, throughout all the land,
On the Class of Eighty-Four.
Here are emblems, fresh and fair, gathered from His hand,
His own flowers, nothing more.
This is all we have to bring.
Please accept our offering.

HIS OWN FLOWERS, NOTHING MORE.

THE BALD EAGLE.

A great bald eagle built her nest
Upon a jutting crag
That overhung a mountain crest,
Ne'er reached by nimble stag.

And there, upon her rocky heath,
She sat, by instinct giv'n,
Secure from dangers underneath,
As though she dwelt in heav'n.

No tempest could her peace destroy,
Or lure her from on high,
Until at last she heard with joy,
Three little eaglets cry.

Then with a scream of wild delight,
She shook her feath'ry mane,
And dashed down from her giddy height,
And circled back again.

For weeks she nursed them tenderly,
And daily brought them food.
And then there came a day, when she
Addressed her eagle brood:

"My darling ones, the time has come
When you must learn to fly,
And build a nest, and make a home;
So come out now and try."

"O, no! we can't; we are afraid;"
Cried eaglets, one and all.
"You need not fear," the mother said,
"I'll catch you if you fall."

"No, no, we don't believe you will;
Besides, we want to rest."
So very gently, with her bill,
She pushed them from the nest.

"O dear, I'm falling, help! oh! oh!"
With cries the valley rings.
The mother darted down below,
And caught them on her wings.

And lovingly for rest, she bore
Them to her home on high—
Then taught the lesson o'er and o'er,
Till they had learned to fly.

In doubt and danger look above,
To Him who cares for all;
He'll bear you on His wings of love,
Nor ever let you fall.

THE TREE-TOAD.

It happened one time, that two little toads,
Lived in a big town, called Titus Cross Roads.
As happy two toads, as ever were found.
The reason, you see,
One lived in a tree,
And one lived under the tree on the ground.

Now Mr. Tree-Toad had grown to be vain.
And puffed up with pride, he looked with disdain
Down on his poor and unfortunate cousin.
"I'd rather," said he,
"Be up in a tree
Alone, than live on the ground with a dozen.

"I wouldn't stay there, and be such a dunce,
Come up, and you'll see the whole world at once."
"Oh, no! I've learned," said the toad on the ground,
"Contented to be
Down under a tree.
I'm sure, at least, that my footing is sound."

"Well, have your own way, and live in the dirt."
But ere he had finished speaking so pert,
A stone came whiz; and alas! he soon learned,
That now he must beg
With one broken leg,
Of toads that lived on the ground he had spurned.

"I STAY IN MY LAIR."

THE POLAR BEAR.

"Bear, white Polar Bear,
I'd like to know where
You stay through the long winter night.
I thought it was nice
To play on the ice,
Then what makes you keep out of sight?

"If I were but you,
I know what I'd do,
I'd be up before the sunrise,
And climb the north pole,
Or frolic and roll
In the snow-banks, up to my eyes.

"My boy," said the bear,
"I stay in my lair
For I'm bidden not to go forth.
Tho' wrapped in bear skin,
My coat is too thin
For the Winter winds of the North.

"I think the long rest
For me is the best,
Tho' I never cared to know why.
I just hide away,
And simply obey
The One who knows better than I."

AUNT HELEN'S STORY.

"O, dear!" pouted Daisy, "it has been such a horrid, rainy day. I'm afraid Aunt Helen won't come." And five little heads looked anxiously out at the window, watching for the carriage which was expected to bring Aunt Helen for a visit.

It was cloudy and rainy; the sun had gone down, and it was fast getting dark.

"O! I see the carriage," exclaimed Louis, "but there's no one in it but the driver."

"There is some one inside, I guess," said Vinnie, "No — yes, there is."

"O, yes, there she is," cried all five at once; and in a minute Aunt Helen was greeted by a concert of voices, and you couldn't tell Joey from Daisy, nor Flo from Louis, nor one from another at all, until mamma came to the rescue, and brought a degree of order out of the confusion.

Supper was soon served, after which the children gathered around Aunt Helen for a story, which they always expected when she came.

"What shall it be?" said Aunt Helen.

"O, a story that's real and true," said Daisy.

"Yes," chimed in little Joey, "a weal 'tory."

"Well, then, I will tell you a story in my own life, about

The Big Sheep.

When I was a little girl, my sister older, and her cousin, about the same age, used often to take me to play with them.

One of their favorite places of resort was a large oak tree, that stood in a field not far from the house.

They would gather the little acorn shucks and call them "cup's and saucers for dolly."

Then they would set the table and play they had tea, and ever so many other things.

But all at once they stopped going to the big oak tree, and I could not understand why.

So, one day I thought I would go over alone, and I remember it very well, although I was not yet three years old.

I managed, some way, to open the gate, and crossed the road. I found a hole in the fence and crawled through. I was making my way to the oak tree, which stood a few rods from the fence, as fast as my little feet could carry me, when I saw a big sheep running towards me.

He had great horns, but I was not afraid. I suppose I did not know enough to be afraid.

He came up within a few rods of me, and stopped running; but began to nod his head and walk towards me.

As he kept bowing to me, I thought he was friendly, and was trying to say, "Good morning, little girl;" so I walked towards him holding out my hand.

Then he backed a little, and, with his head down, came up and butted me over. After I was down, he went backward some distance, and as I attempted to rise, he came faster than ever and butted me down again.

I did not cry, and I do not remember of being afraid at all, though he would not let me get up. Still I thought he was playing.

Presently a gentleman came driving by, and seeing the danger I was in, hitched his horse to the fence, and got a big stick and came over where I was.

He struck the sheep two or three times before he would go away; then he picked me up, and took me to my mother, who was looking for me, and told her what had happened.

She seemed very much frightened, and the tears came to her eyes, as she said, "Little ships must keep near the shore."

I looked up, wondering, and said, "What 'oo say?" for

I did not understand her, nor the danger I had been in.

She replied, "Big folks may go abroad, but little folks *must* stay at home." Then she carried me into the house.

"O! what a lovely story," said Flo, "and it really happened? Tell us another."

"Tell a nuzzer 'tory," echoed Joey, who had already been nodding at this one.

"No," said Aunt Helen, "only one at a time. Good night dears." And they scampered off to bed.

"COME, ROBBIE DEAR, COME RIGHT ALONG."

SONG OF THE ROBIN, OR, ONLY TRY.

A robin to her young ones said,
As she flew home with food,
"You look so cunning in your bed—
You are a handsome brood.

"But I must teach you how to fly,
You darling little elves;
I think you're bold enough to try
To look out for yourselves.

"Now *you* must hunt for worms and flies;
You're getting fat and lazy;
For food and drink, your constant cries
Just drive me nearly crazy.

"Now I will take you, one by one,
And you shall each learn how;
Red Robbie, you're my eldest son,
Come down upon this bough.

"So hop out on the edge, my dear,
Of this your pretty nest,
And spread your wings, and fly right here,
Just so; now do your best."

"Peep! peep! don't make us go alone;
We are not big enough,
Our bodies are not fully grown,
Our feathers yet are rough.

"*You* get our food; we can *not* fly—
'T would hardly keep you busy.
Peep! peep! oh! oh! it is so high—
I'm almost getting dizzy."

"Chirp! chirp! peep! peep! now trust my word,
And don't sit there and cry;
You'll quickly learn, my precious bird,
If you will only try.

"Come, Robbie dear, come right along,
Spread out your little wings;
Chirp! chirp! I'll cheer you with my song,—
Come, while your mother sings."

He spread his wings, and found that he
  Could fly like any bird,
And all around from tree to tree,
  His joyous notes were heard.

"O, what a great, big world to roam!"
  Said Rob, "I'm glad I'm in it.
I wonder how they do at home,—
  I'll 'just run round a minute.'

"You babies, if you'd only try,
  You'd leave that horrid nest;
But I can't mope here, so good-bye,
  I'm going "'way out West."

"'WAY OUT WEST."

LAZY DAISY DILL.

I.

Wake up! little Daisy,
Open those blue eyes;
Wake up! it is daylight,
And it's time to rise.

II.

All the other flowers
Rose an hour ago;
Daffodils are dancing,
Pinks and Pansies too.

III.

O, dear! little sleeper,
Are you yawning still?
What shall I ever do with
Lazy Daisy Dill.

AUNT ABIAH IN CHURCH.

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF AUNT ABIAH.*

Once upon a time, in a thriving Eastern town,
A busy, bustling city by the sea,
Lived a lonely maid, of consid'rable renown
For goodness, wit and eccentricity.

Now, this witty, good, and eccentric lady's name
Was "Aunt Abiah," known both far and near,—
Whose innate goodness bubbled o'er, until her fame
Had gone beyond the circle of her sphere.

She was tall and lean and possessed but little grace,
And, as for beauty, she had none to spare;
Yet her heart of love, which illumed her homely face,
Made it appear both radiant and fair.

Aunt Abiah's house was a mile or more from church,
And though her walks were long and lonely, there
To find her vacant seat would have been a useless search;
She never missed the hour and place of prayer.

*Pronounced A-bí-ah.

Now, it happened thus, in a meeting one dark night,
The good man rose, to comfort and advise,
And remarked, "'Twas good, and did often hearts unite,
For each to speak his feelings on this wise.

"Was there any one who was striving heav'n to win,
And hoped, through grace, to see the 'goodly land?'
Or, did any fear least they should not enter in
To join in singing with the happy band?

"Would they state their fears and their crosses hard to bear;
What sore temptations they had here to meet?
It is always good for the sorrowing to share
Their burdens oft," he said, and took his seat.

Then Abiah rose, and without a moment's loss,
For she was always frugal of her time,
She described her way as almost without a cross.
She saw by faith the mountain heights sublime.

She could tell of hopes that were founded on His word;
And hoped, above all else, to shun the evil.
Did she fear? Why yes! But she only feared the Lord.
Yes, she was sure she feared not man, nor devil.

Now, three little vagrants,— it happened on this wise,
Attracted by the singing, had strayed in;
And, with mouth agape, and wide-open ears and eyes,
They stared about with faces all a-grin.

At this daring speech, a good brother who sat near
The region of the strange and grinning three,
Heard the leader, Pat, in a whisper loud and clear,
Say, "Jim, she says she haint afraid; we'll see!

"Come, let's have some fun." And the ragged miscreant
Slipped out, soon followed by the other two;
And the three, 'twas plain, had their heads on mischief bent,
As if they knew already what to do.

Hast'ning home, they soon, from a heap of cast-off stuff,
Raked out a costume, hideous and black,
Which they'd used before, and pronounced still good enough
To scare a demon even off his track.

To a grave-yard drear, not a half a mile away,
By which Abiah passed in going home,
The three boys repaired, as they said, "To play their play,
And practice on the innocent who roam."

Then one donned the garb, which about him loosely
hung,
Put on his horns, and hoofs, and forkéd tail,
And on either side the old garments flapped and swung
Much like a tattered, weather-beaten sail.

Like some wary lion, he waited patiently;
Nor was he disappointed of his prey.
At precisely ten, through the darkness they could see
Abiah coming, singing on her way.

From behind the slabs the two sentinels peered out
To watch the proceedings and enjoy the fun;
For of course she'd faint, or might send up a shout,
Or turn to flight,—Oh, my, to see her run!

"Fear thou not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed"
She sang, and heeded not the danger nigh.
When across her path a dark form her progress stayed,
And said: "I am the Devil. Halt or die!"

She obeyed at once; gave a glance, and quick replied,
"You are the devil? Well, 'tis evident;
I'm sure a clearer case in court was never tried.
No one disputes your claim," and on she went.

Three whipped curs sent back to retrace their roving path,
Could not have fled with surer, swifter feet.
And the last they heard, to appease their spirits' wrath,
Was Aunt Abiah singing, low and sweet,

"The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes.
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

BABY NED.

Never still a minute,
  Busy baby Ned;
Brimming full of mischief
  Is his curly head.

Once he took his kitten
  Out to play with him,
To a stream of water;—
  "Dus' to see her 'fim."

"You mus' mind me, Tabby,
  What I say to you;
Doin' to teach you somefin'."
  Kitty answered, "Mew."

"When I frow you over,
  You mus' 'fim right out.
Now I's dettin' ready,—
  O! you's awful 'tout."

"NAUGHTY TAT!"

Foolish little Neddie,—
Kitty made a dash,
Caught him on his apron,
In they both went,—splash!

Kitty scratched and scrambled;
Baby screamed and cried;
Both were taken dripping
To the fire, and dried.

"Naughty tat," said Neddie,
"I's as'amed of you;
Now, you's dettin' punis'ed."
Kitty answered, "Mew."

TOMMY AND PRINCE.

A LITTLE boy once lived near me, who did not love to mind, but he did love very much to have his own way; and so he would always forget. He had a dog by the name of Prince, that he used to hitch to a wagon and drive about the town. Sometimes he would drive him too long, or load the wagon too heavily.

Though his mother had often told him how wrong it was, he would very soon forget.

One time his mother went away to spend the day, and Tommy and his cousin Willie hitched up Prince, and drove him about so much that the next day he died.

Now, Tommy felt very bad indeed. He and Willie put him in a little box and buried him under a big apple-tree.

"OH," SAID TOMMY, "WHAT SHALL I DO? I HAVE NO PRINCE NOW."

Then they sat down and cried real tears. "O," said Tommy, "what shall I do! I have no Prince now. And I have been such a naughty boy."

"I hope," said his mother, who had just come out to see where they had buried Prince, and overheard what he said, "I hope this will teach my little boy not only to obey his parents, but to be kind to animals. No one can be very good who will abuse a dumb animal."

"O, mother," said Tommy, "I will be good, and now, to make me remember, may I put up a slab over Prince's grave?"

"Yes," said she, and went back to the house.

So the two boys put up a board on which were written, in charcoal, these words:

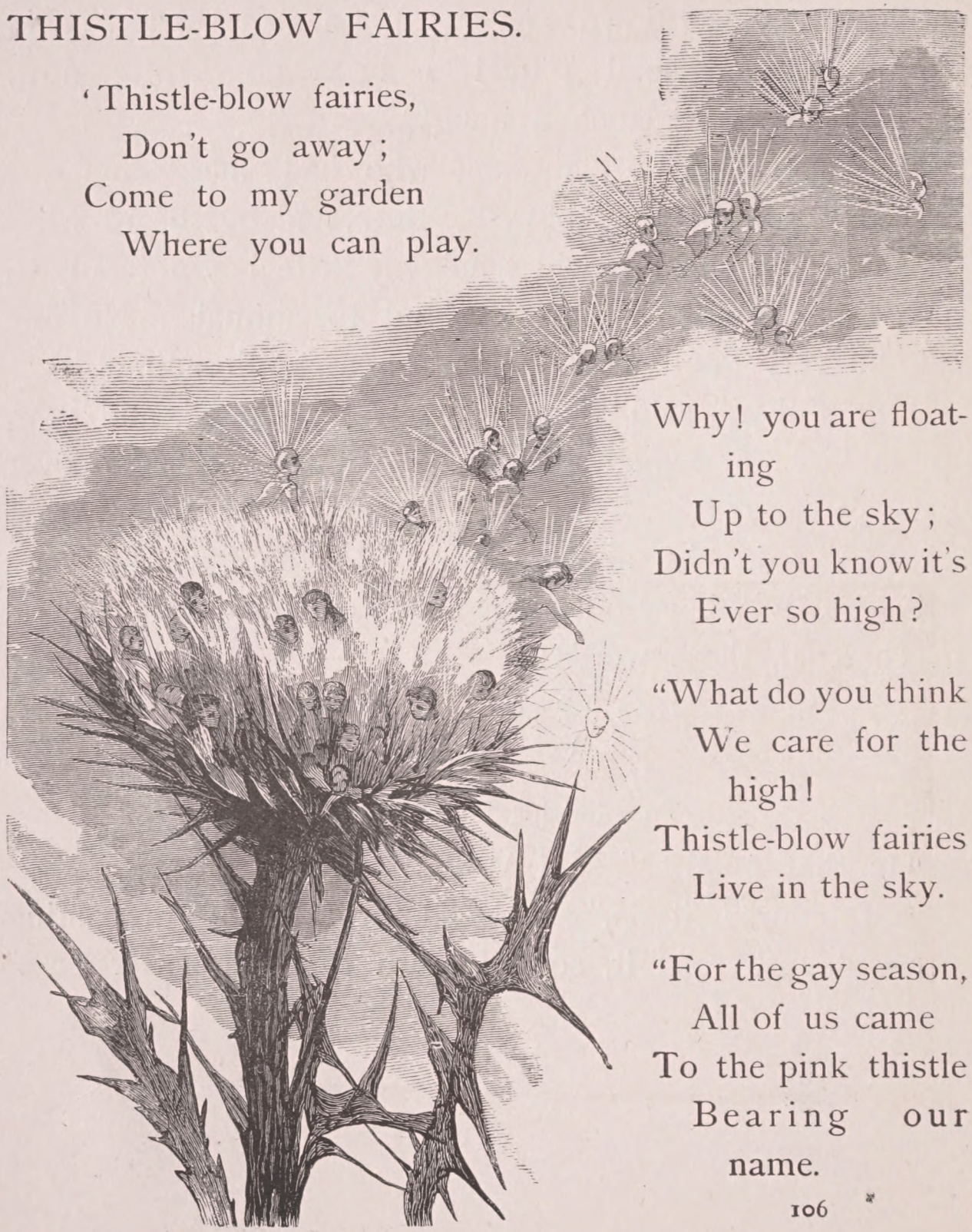
Here lise prince
Hoo woodunt a Dide.
If a Boy had haf Tride,
To mind his Mother.

"Is that poetry?" said Willie.

"Of course it is," said Tommy; "and I'm coming every day to read it, so I'll learn to be a better boy."

THISTLE-BLOW FAIRIES.

'Thistle-blow fairies,
Don't go away;
Come to my garden
Where you can play.



Why! you are floating
Up to the sky;
Didn't you know it's
Ever so high?

"What do you think
We care for the high!
Thistle-blow fairies
Live in the sky.

"For the gay season,
All of us came
To the pink thistle
Bearing our name.

"Touched all the blossoms,
Turned them to down;
Took them for wings, and
Sailed out of town.

"Now we are flying
Back to the sun;
O! it is jolly,
Rollicking fun."

"MUSIC IN THE AIR."

OUT IN THE COLD.

Forsaken and weary, through the dark street,
The play of the winds, the snow and the sleet,
With no home to guide her travel-worn feet,
With garments so thin, and faded, and old,
Sweet little May wandered "out in the cold."

The rich and the poor had each passed her by,
Unheeding alike her pitiful cry.
And none of the throng e'er stopped to reply,
Tho' long she had cried with sorrow untold,
"O! let me come in from 'out in the cold.'"

We took the dear child where warm glowed the hearth,
But, ere the dawn told another year's birth,
Her beautiful eyes had closed to this earth,
Her form we then laid alone in the mold,
And left it there sleeping, "out in the cold."

SWEET LITTLE MAY WANDERED OUT IN THE COLD.

But heaven sent down its seraphim bright,
And wafted her soul where there is no night,
To mansions of love, whose Lord is the light,
To the city where garments never grow old,
And children ne'er wander "out in the cold."

Ye haughty, beware! who sear your hearts o'er,
And turn a deaf ear to one of earth's poor,
When Christ the Great Shepherd opens the door,
To gather His flock on high to his fold,
Lest you be left wand'ring "out in the cold."

MY FUNNY FRIEND.

I know a funny little girl,
Her name is Miss Wau Kin,
And when she calls, I say to her,
My little Miss, walk in.

THE FROG AND THE POLLYWOG.

"Good morning, Mr. Frog,
I hope I see you well,"
Said little Pollywog,
Just wriggled from his cell.

"It must be very fine
To sit upon a log,
And count on what to dine,"
Continued Pollywog.

"Ah, well! ha! ha! cher-chug!
From what place *did* you hail?
You look like some black bug,
Made up of head and tail.

"I'm sure you can't be beat,
My little wigglewog,
You haven't even feet,"
Said saucy Mr. Frog.

"Your honor, sir; I know
That what you say is true,
But then, my feet will grow,
I think they're almost through.

"Excuse me now, I pray,
If I just quote my mother,
Who said this very day,
That you're my elder brother."

It was indeed the truth,
And very just the claim,
The frog forgot his youth,
And even whence he came.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Merry Christmas for the "big folks,"
  Merry Christmas for the small,
Merry, merry, merry Christmas,
  Merry Christmas for you all.

As you gather round your table,
  Laden with abundant store,
On this merry, merry Christmas,
  Have you thought upon the poor?

Have you made some sad heart merry,
  With a gen'rous Christmas gift?
Bringing down the golden sunshine,
  Making in the clouds a rift?

You have not! then rise and hasten,
On some loving errand speed,
Ere you touch those dainty viands;
You may some day stand in need.

Need of friends, if not of money,
Need of sympathy and cheer,
Need of many, many, blessings,
Gold can never purchase here.

Should your own supply be scanty,
And your blessings small and few,
You can heed your Master's precepts,
"Give as he has prospered you."

You can learn to be unselfish,
And the little, in His sight,
Will be great, and He will bless it
As he did "the widow's mite."

Little children, have you nothing
You can give from out your store?
You can feed the little sparrows
As they flit about your door.

Of those hungry little sparrows,
Not a single one can fall,
But your heavenly Father knoweth,
For he watcheth over all.

Try to make at least one happy,
At each merry Christmas time,
And you'll find that, in the future,
"Acts have grown to deeds sublime."

On this faith, then, plant your standard,
Let your banners be unfurled;—
Merry Christmas, merry Christmas,
Merry Christmas round the world.

MERRY CHRISTMAS ROUND THE WORLD.

"WHERE ROCKS SOME LONELY CHILD
BRAVING THE BILLOWS WILD."

THE BOY AND THE STAR.

Thou bright and twinkling star,
Up in the blue so far,
Thou look'st like some bright sparkling gem,
Lost from a jewel rare,
Worn by an angel fair,
Or dropped from seraph's diadem.
Come down; art thou not weary, shining there so long?
Thou never could'st be missed among the countless throng.

"O, no! I cannot come,
And leave my happy home,"
It modestly, but quick, replied,
"For he who gave to me
My work, said 'shine and be;'
And I would here my time abide,
For if a single moment I should quit my post,
Disorder quick would reign among the starry host.

"My work is small, I know,
But it might smaller grow,
Did I not try to work His plan,
For though my tiny light
Cannot illume the night,
I shine as brightly as I can.
And yet, if but one feeble, sickly ray were mine,
My mission still would be, to let it shine and shine."

O, sweet and heav'n-born thought,
With love and beauty fraught,
Content to simply to 'shine and be,'
Without a question *why*,
Or murmuring reply,
I'll learn this lesson now of thee:
Though humble be my lot, and small the talents lent,
I'll try to use them well, and therewith be content.

So, on the ocean vast,
My little ray I'll cast,
Perchance 'twill glimmer through the dark,
Where rocks some lonely child,
Braving the billows wild,
And to the haven guide one bark.
This truth I'll treasure up: the weakest talent's worth
The taking from its secret hiding place in earth.

TWO LITTLE CHILDREN DOWN IN A TRICE.

HIPPETY-HOP.

"Hippety-hop,
Here we go."
Flippety-flop,
Through the snow;
Two little children all in a row.

"Flippety-flip,
How we glide."
Skippety-skip,
Side by side;
Two little children out for a slide.

"Tippety-tip,
O, how nice."
Slippety-slip
On the ice;
Two little children down in a trice.

"Oo! oo! oo!
Bumped my nose."
"Boo! hoo! hoo!
O, my toes!"
Two little children pretty near froze.

"WON'T YOU PLAY WITH ME, LITTLE GIRL?"

THE CLOUD, THE BROOK, AND THE VIOLET.

"Dear me!" sighed a little Brook, as it slowly wended its way along, "how tired I am! And all for doing nothing. I don't work. I don't do anything, but simply run from morning till night, and night till morning. Night brings rest to everything but me."

"It is natural for everyone to want to rise higher; but I am continually running down, and can never stop until I have reached the lowest depths."

"I wouldn't mind it so much, if I could only know I was doing any good in the world."

"I could not even exist long if it were not for that cloud up yonder.

"O, what a happy life a cloud must lead, as it floats

so proudly in the sky, and looks down upon everyone.

"Besides it is so useful, sending down refreshing showers upon the grass and grain, and at times shielding them from the burning sun; they would die by my side for all the aid I could give them.

"Even sweet little Violet, there, who nods so gracefully to me now and then, does a world of good. How many, stopping to admire her, are cheered by her beautiful form, lovely fragrance, and exquisite colors; while I have neither form, fragrance, nor color. I believe I'll run away where nobody lives; for it's plain to be seen I'm of no use."

So, along it ran, gurgling and murmuring so loudly that it did not hear little Violet upon the bank, who had been watching it for some time, and was also talking to herself.

"O, what a lovely little Brook! I ought to be happy for the privilege of living near such a bright sparkling little creature.

"It must be very pleasant to be able to move along, and run about.

"And, then, it has such a variety of amusements, running and jumping over the pebbles, rushing round the stones, to play hide and seek with the fishes; racing in merry glee down the rapids; rolling, and tumbling, and

and boiling and foaming, completely convulsed with laughter; then, leaping over the precipice with a wild shout of delight; until, tired at length, it moves leisurely along, repeating its play at pleasure.

"O, I wish I were a brook; it is so tiresome standing still." "Dear little Brook," said the Cloud, and Violet stopped to listen, "I want to say a few words to you.

"I am older and wiser than you; besides, I have seen a great deal more of the world, and I believe that no one is happy who lives entirely for himself. True happiness is found in living for others.

"Neither should you look with envy upon the condition of others, but do the best you can where you are.

"You seem to envy me, but let me tell you, if it were not for others I would be nothing at all. It is you, dear Brook, who sustains me by sending up your kindly mists from day to day.

"My shape would be very uncomely if it were not for the kind winds that waft me about and give me my beautiful forms.

"As for my color, I owe it all to the sun whose light I have learned to reflect.

"Think how much good you can do, by giving water to the thirsty cattle, providing a home for the

fishes, cheering little Violet, by your side, and many more ways which I leave you to think of.

"By and by, as you roll on, you will mingle with the waters of the broad Ocean; and then you will help carry great ships from one continent to another, and so assist in the government of the nations.

"And now I am comiug down to join you, and so find my highest happiness in cheering and helping another."

And Violet noticed that a little drop of water came down, then another, and another, until finally a great shower of drops, so that she was obliged to bend her head in the midst of the shower.

When it was all over she looked up, and there was no cloud to be seen; but the Brook was happy and singing a merry song.

"I feel better," said Violet, "but I do wish I could do some good in the world."

"You do, sweet Violet," said a voice near by, "but I know how you can do a great deal more. A poor sick lady has been wanting to see you so long."

"O, then take me to her quickly," said Violet.

"But you will not live so long. Are you willing to give yourself for the sake of making one happy?"

Violet looked sad for a moment as she thought of

her dear friends, the Zephyrs, the Grass, and the Brook, and ever so many others, how she would never see them again; but she soon said:

"Take me to the lady."

So she was carried into the sick room, and the joy she afforded the pale sufferer more than repaid her for any sacrifice she had made in coming.

In a few days sweet little Violet drooped and died to the world; but in reality she was transplanted to the heart of the lady, there to live and be loved as long as the lady lived.

A RIDDLE FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

I know a young and sprightly chap;
  And when he comes to town,
He wears a white plume in his cap,
  And cloak of soft white down.
But what is strange, if I remember,
  He calls but once a year.
Look out, the last day of December,
  You'll find him very near.

LOU AND KITTY.

Two bright eyed girls, with golden curls,
Whose names were Lou and Kitty,
One pleasant day, went out to play,
And quarreled — what a pity!

"I don't love you," said angry Lou,
"You act so proud and haughty."
"Well, I don't care, you won't play fair,
And you are very naughty."

"O, fie! for shame! you're both to blame,"
Said something in the clover,
"For here I saw it all; caw! caw!"
And then a crow flew over.

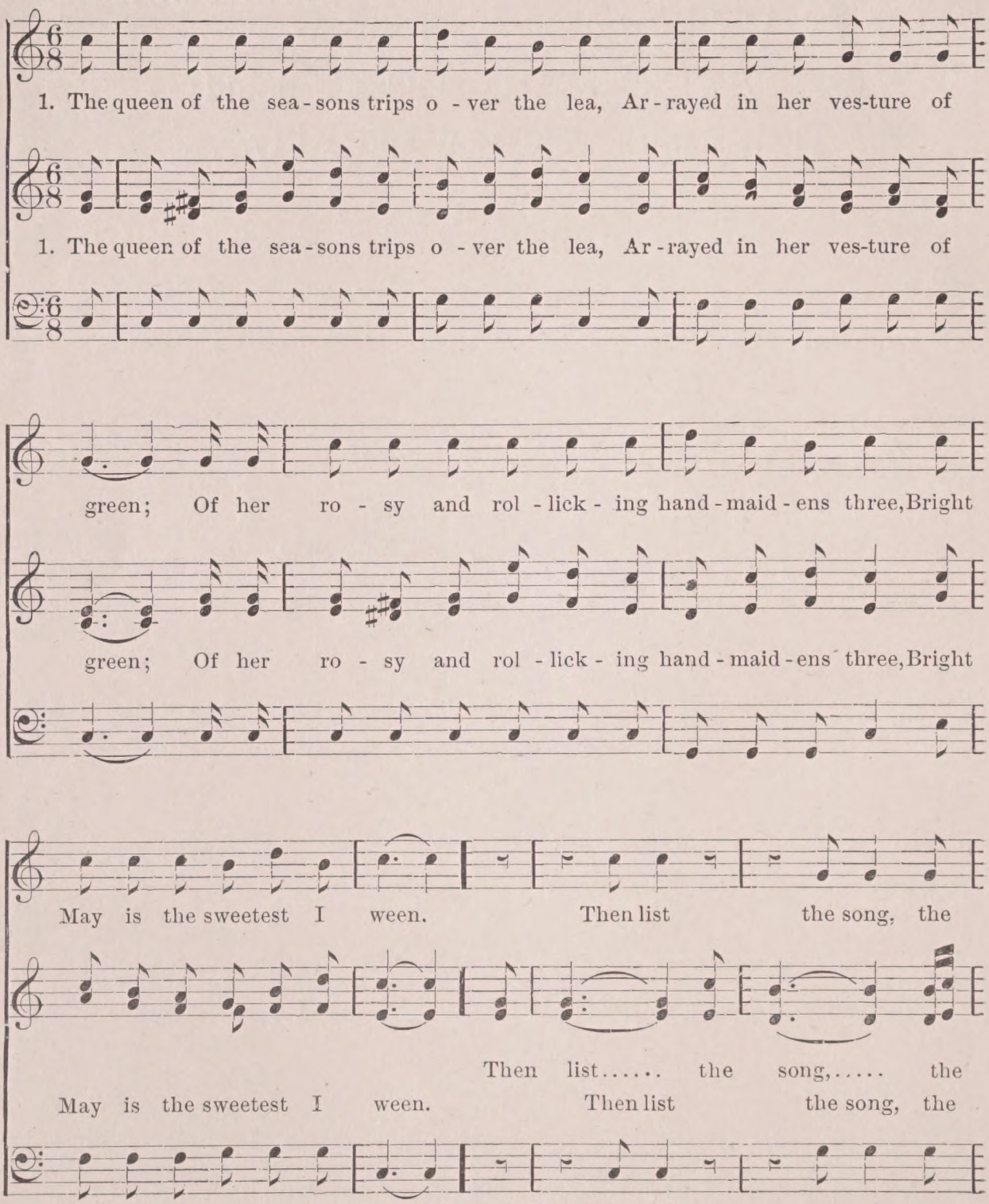
"There goes a bird,— he must have heard,
I fear he'll tell about it.
Do you suppose he really knows?"
Said Kitty, "I don't doubt it."

THEY QUARRELED. WHAT A PITY!

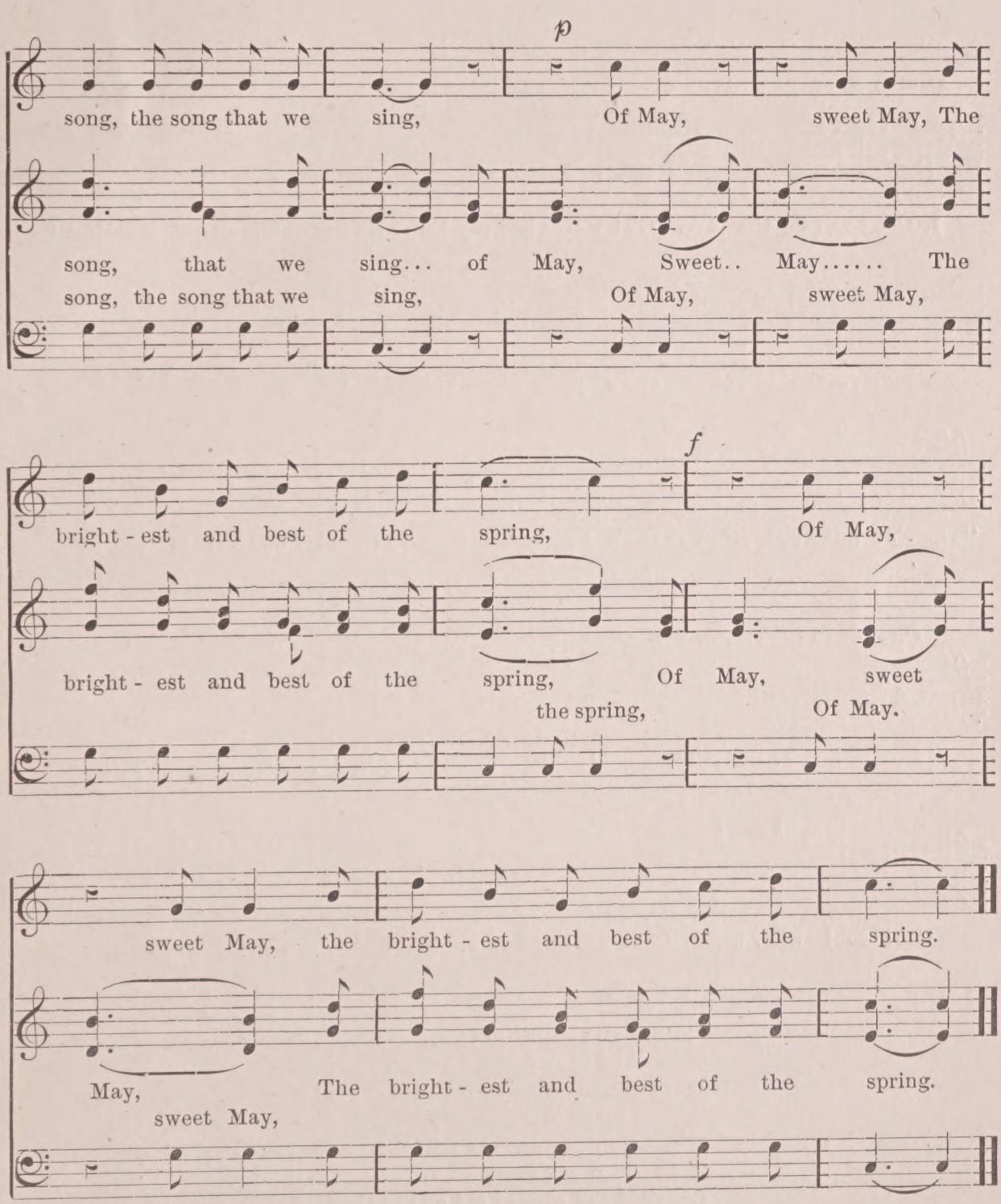
Two bright eyed girls, with golden curls,
And dolls, so neat and pretty,
Were playing, good, as children should;
Their names were Lou and Kitty.

MAY SONG.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER. C. C. CASE.



From "Our Song World," by permission J. Church & Co.

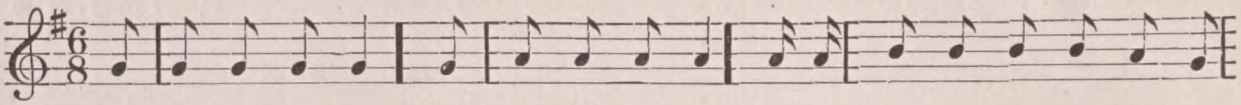


2 With fairy-like feet she enchantingly treads
Where sweet-scented violets lie;
At the breath of her zephyrs they lift up their heads,
And mirror the hue of the sky.

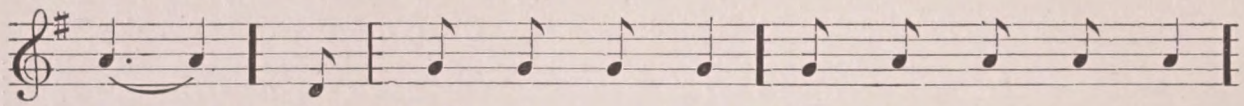
3 Arbutus and daisies and buttercups, now,
Are singing their very best lay;
As they dance to the chime of the hare-bells, they bow,
All smiling, in honor to May.

WHERE IS MY LOVE?

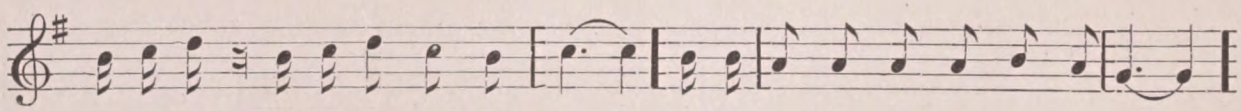
AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER. PHILIP PHILLIPS. 1885.



1. Coo, coo, said the dove. Oh! where is my love? He was stol-en this morning from

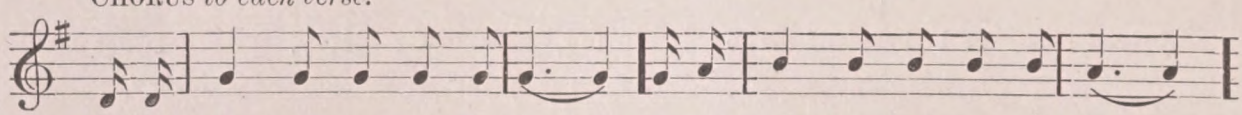


me.... Does an - y one know? I won - der who? who?

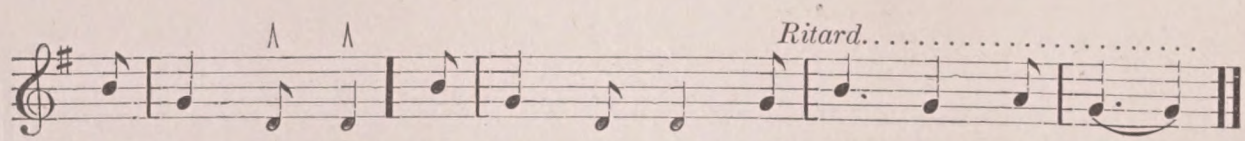


"There's a hawk; I presume it was he." Said a mis-chiev-ous owl in the tree.

CHORUS *to each verse.*



Do you know? Oh! tell me, coo! coo! Said the owl, "I won-der, who? who?



Coo! coo! who? who? Coo! coo! who? who? I won - der who? who?

2 "His beautiful crest,
And snowy white breast,
Were as handsome as feathers could be.
I loved him so well;
Won't somebody tell?"
"He will never come back, te-hee-hee."
Laughed the wicked old owl in the tree.

CHORUS — Do you know.

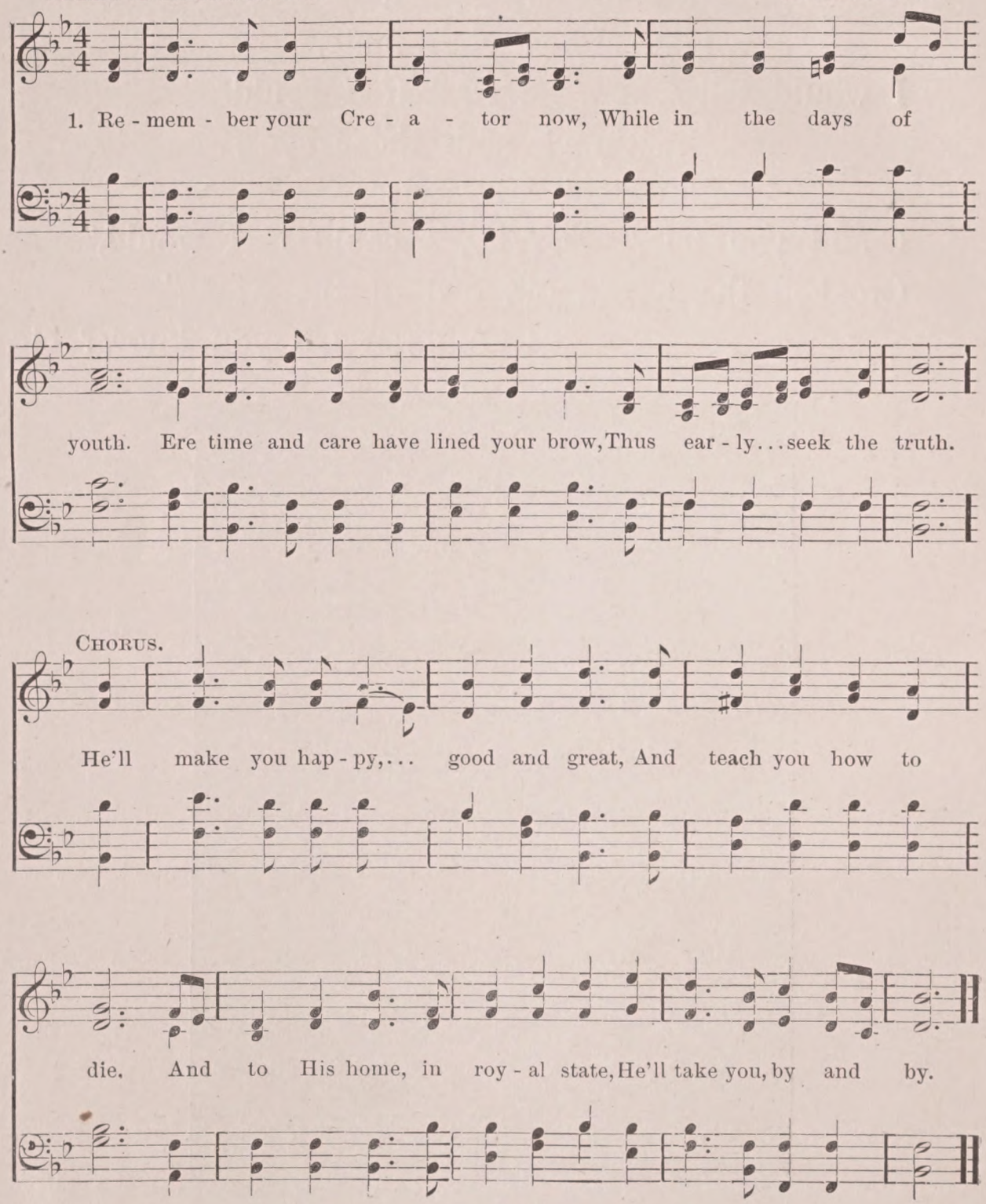
3. If some cruel fate,
Had stolen your mate,
I would tell where he was, if I could.
Great owl, with those eyes,
You look very wise;
Could you tell?" "Why, I could if I would,"
Croaked the horrid old owl of the wood."

CHORUS:—Do you know? etc.

GREAT OWL, WITH THOSE EYES.

REMEMBER YOUR CREATOR.

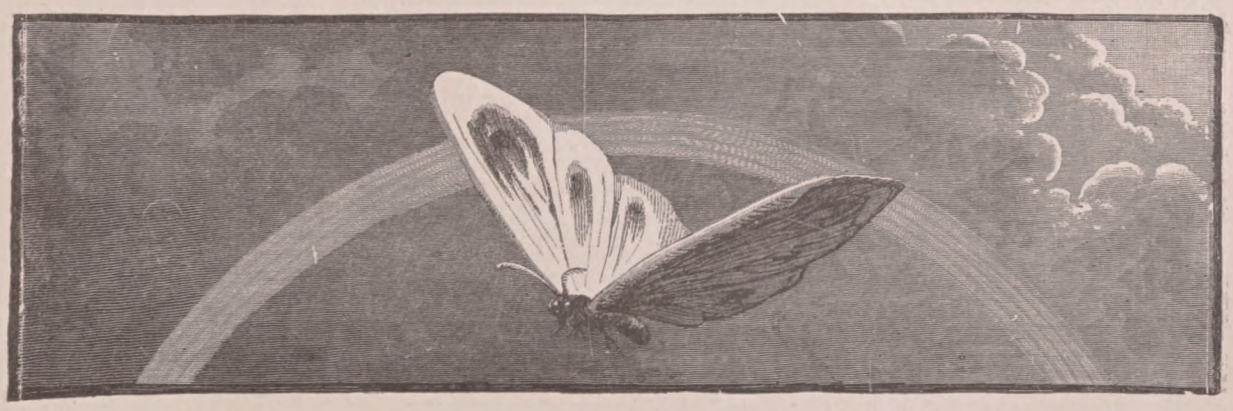
AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER. JNO. R. SWENEY.



2. Before your feet have learned to stray,
Far in the paths of sin,
He wants your love; be wise to-day,
And let the Savior in.
CHORUS:—He'll make, etc.

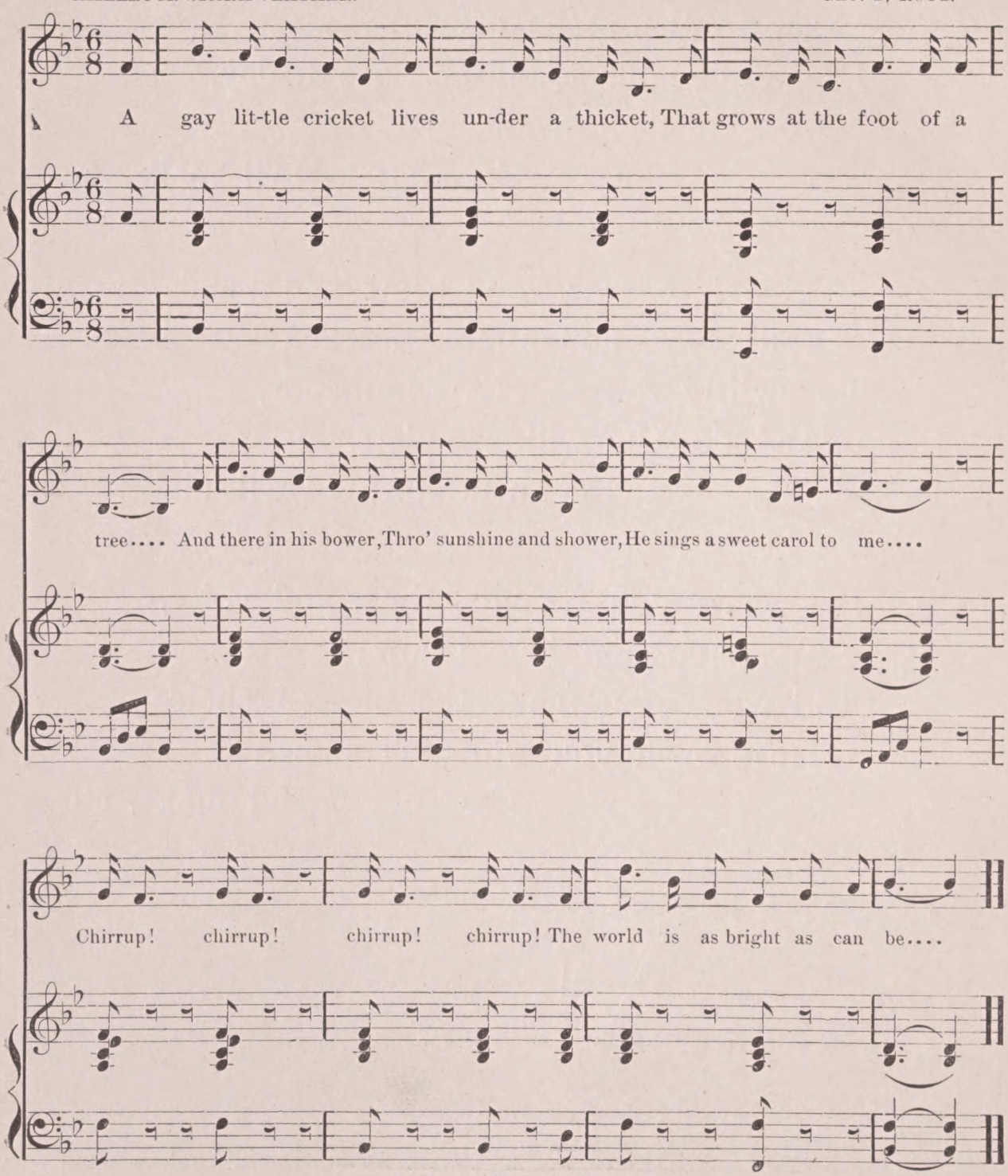
3. O give him now your heart and hands,
Your eyes, and nimble feet;
To swiftly run at His commands,
And do His will complete.
CHORUS:—He'll make, etc.

4. He wants your talents, time, and voice,
To serve him here below;
And when you make the blessed choice,
He'll wash you white as snow.
CHORUS:—And make, etc.



THE CAROL OF THE CRICKET.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER. GEO. F. ROOT.



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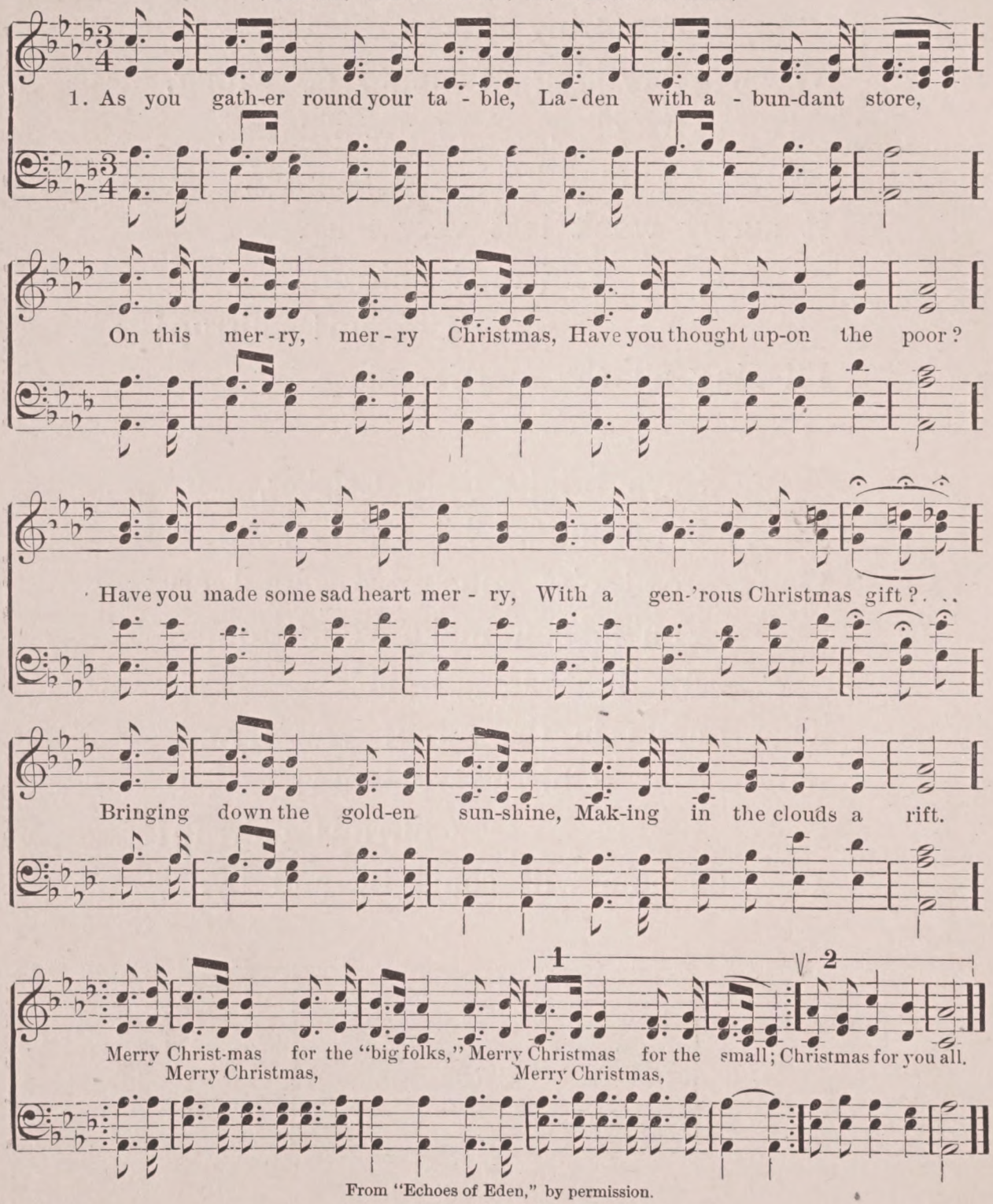
2. When cold is the heather,
Or stormy the weather,
When everything seems to go wrong,
His clear notes are ringing,
As loud he keeps singing,
It surely won't last very long.
Chirrup! chirrup!
Chirrup! chirrup!
I'll sing all the merrier song.

3. Says bright little Cricket,
From under his thicket,
Don't brood o'er your sorrow and cry;
You'll soon make your trouble
As light as a bubble
That bursts in the air, if you try.
Chirrup! chirrup!
Chirrup! chirrup!
The sunshine will come by and by.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A. M. STARKWEATHER. (To JOHN SIGGINS.) E. O. EXCELL.

(The words, "Come Thou Fount," may be used to this music.)



From "Echoes of Eden," by permission.

2. You have not! then rise and hasten,
On some loving errand speed,
Ere you touch those dainty viands,
You may some day stand in need,
Need of friends, if not of money,
Need of sympathy and cheer,
Need of many, many blessings,
Gold can never purchase here.
CHORUS:—Merry Christmas, etc.

3. Should your own supply be scanty,
And your blessings small and few,
You can heed your master's precepts,
"Give, as He hath prospered you."
You can learn to be unselfish,
And the little, in his sight,
Will be great, and He will bless it,
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Of those hungry little sparrows
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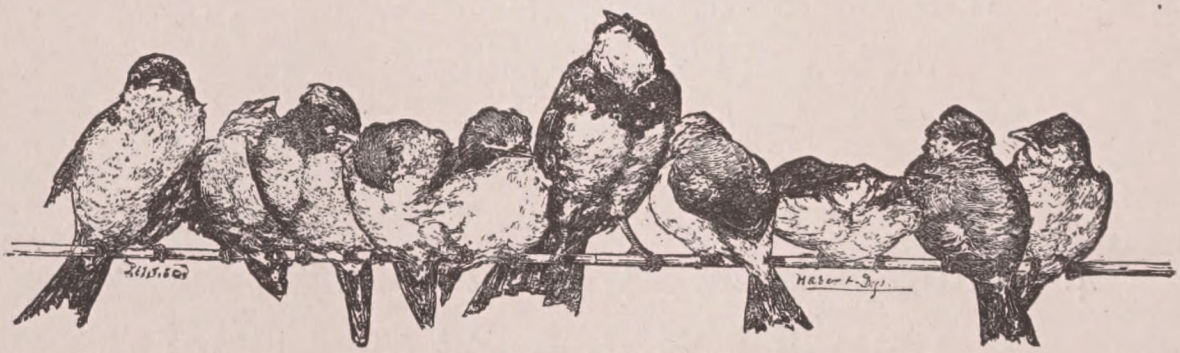
For He watcheth over all.
CHORUS:—Merry Christmas, etc.

5. Try to make at least one happy,
At each merry Christmas time,
And you'll find that in the future,
"Acts have grown to deeds sublime."
On this faith then plant your standard,
Let your banners be unfurled,
Merry Christmas, merry Christmas,
Merry Christmas round the world.
CHORUS:—Merry Christmas, etc.



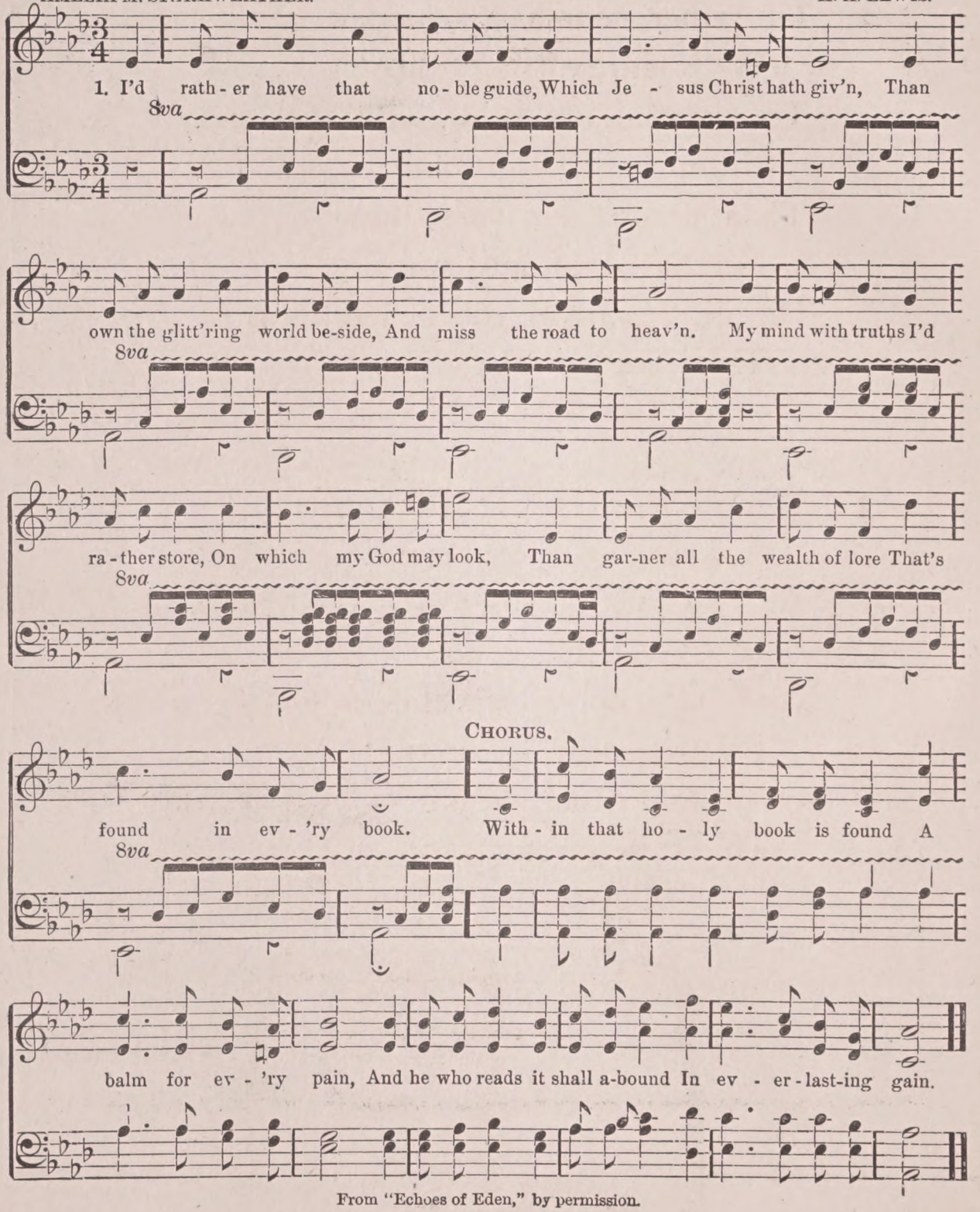
NOT A SINGLE ONE CAN FALL.

MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR THE SMALL.

THE BIBLE.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path. Ps. cxix: 105.

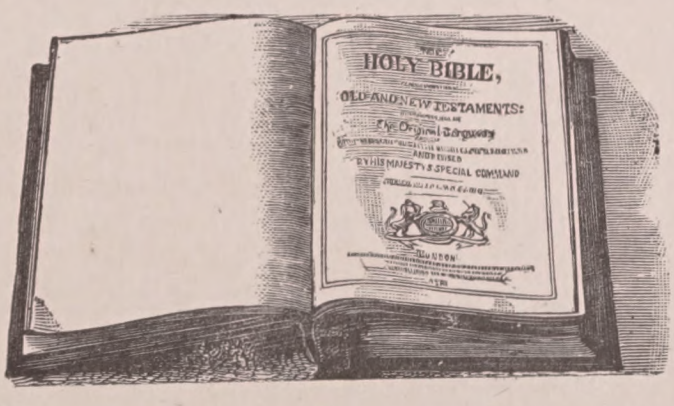
AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER. H. A. LEWIS.



From "Echoes of Eden," by permission.

2. I'd rather search for hidden gems,
With unremitting toil,
To wreathe my brow with diadems,
From out its precious soil,
Than wear the richest kingly gowns,
Purchased at any price,
Or all the royal robes and crowns
This side of Paradise.
CHORUS:—Within that holy book, etc.

3. Within that holy book is found
A balm for ev'ry pain;
And he who reads it, shall abound,
In everlasting gain.
And he who delves this mine of wealth,
Its treasures to unfold,
Shall find true happiness and health
That's better far than gold.
CHORUS;—Within that holy book, etc.



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